THE

Squire of Alsatia.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by Their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by *THOMAS SHADWELL*, Late Poet Laureat, and Historiographer Royal.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum, sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.

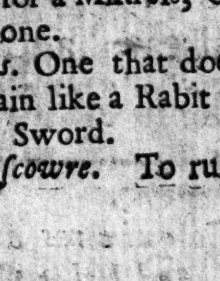
Hor. Ep. ad Aug. 1 lib. 2.

LONDON,

Printed for JAMES KNAPTON, at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1715.

An Explanation of the Cant.

Alsatia. White-Fryers.
Prig, Prigster. Pert Coxcombs.
Bubble, Carravan. The Cheated.
Sealer. One that gives Bonds and Judgments for Goods and Money.
A Put. One who is easily wheadled and cheated.
Coale, Ready, Rhino, Darby. Ready Money.
Rhinocerical. Full of Money.
Megs. Guineas.
Smelts. Half-Guineas.
Decus. A Crown Piece.
George. A Half-Crown.
Hog. A Shilling.
Sice. Six-Pence.
Scout. A Watch.
Tattler. An Alarm, or Striking Watch.
Famble. A Ring.
Porker, Tilter. A Sword.
A Rumm Nab. A good Beaver.
Rigging. Cloaths.
Blowing, Natural, Convenient, Tackle, Buttock, Pure, Purest pure. Several Names for a Mistress, or rather a Whore.
To Equip. To furnish one.
A Bolter of White-Fryers. One that does but peep out of *White-Fryers*, and retire again like a Rabit out of his Hole.
To lug out. To draw a Sword.
To Scamper, to rub, to scowre. To run away.
Bowsy. Drunk.
Clear. Very Drunk.
Smoaky. Jealous.
Sharp. Subtle.
A Sharper. A Cheat.
A Tattmonger. A Cheat at Dice.
Tatts. False Dice.
The Doctor. A particular False Die, which will run but two or three Chances.
Prog. Meat.



To the Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, &c.

My Lord,

I Having had the Honour to have liv'd so many Years in your Lordship's Favour, and to have been always exceedingly oblig'd by your Lordship, ought to be glad of any Opportunity of publishing my Gratitude. And the offering this Comedy to your Lordship may not perhaps be thought an improper Occasion of doing it; for the first Act of it was witten at Copt-Hall; *and your Lordship's Approbation of it (whose Wit and Judgment have ever been unquestion'd) encourag'd and inspir'd me to go on: When I had finished it, which was in a Months Time, Your Lordship, upon the Perusal of the Whole, was pleas'd to say, that you thought it a true and diverting Comedy.*

This, I must confess, made me hope for Success upon the Stage, which is met with; but so great, as was above my Expectation (in this Age which has run mad after Farces) no Comedy, for these many Years, having fill'd the Theatre so long together: And I had the great Honour to find so many Friends, that the House was never so full since it was built, as upon the third Day of this Play; and vast Numbers went away, that could not be admitted.

This extraordinary Success the more emboldens me to lay the Play at your Lordship's Feet; in whose Service, I should be glad to employ my whole Life.

I shall not, according to the Custom of Dedications, make a long Panegyrick to Your Lordship, 'tis superfluous and impertinent, to praise him whom all Men speak well of, and of whom I never heard any Man speak ill: Your Lordship is the Favourite of Mankind; and You deserve to be so, for You are ever obliging, and seeking out Occasions of doing good, and exerting Your Charity and Generosity, in which You never lose a Day.

I must acknowledge my self infinitely oblig'd to Your Lordship every Way; but particularly, that I have the Freedom of being receiv'd as one of Your Family at Copt-hall; *where not only the excellence of the Air, and regularity of Living contribute to my Health, but I have the Honour of enjoying the Conversation which all the World I would chuse.*

It is to me, and it must needs be to all who wish Your Lordship well, an extraordinary Satisfaction to observe that You have laid a certain a Foundation of solid Happiness, for all the remaining part of Your Life; in retiring from all the unsatisfying Pleasures, and noisy Troubles of the Town, to so sweet a Place, with so adorable a Lady, who in Beauty is exceeded by none, and has all those Qualities of Mind besides, which serve to make an Excellent Lady, an extraordinary Governess of a Family, and an incomparable Wife; whose Fruitfulness is like to bless Your Lordship with Beauteous, Noble and Numerous Issue. And may your Lordship and She long enjoy one another, and all the Blessings You your selves can imagine or desire. I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's Most Humble Servant. *THO. SHADWELL.*

PROLOGUE,

To the *Squire of Alſatia.* Spoken by Mr. *Mountfort.*

HOW have we in the Space of one poor Age,
Beheld the Riſe and Downfal of the Stage!
When with our King reſtor'd, it firſt aroſe,
They did each day ſome good old Play expoſe;
And then it flouriſh'd; Till, with Manna tir'd,
For wholeſome Food ye nauſeous Traſh deſir'd.
Then roſe the whiffling Scribblers of thoſe days,
Who ſince have liv'd to bury all their Plays;
And had their Iſſue full as numerous been
As Priam's, *they the Fate of all had ſeen.*
With what prodigious ſcarcity of Wit
Did the new Authors ſtarve the hungry Pit?
Infected by the French, *you muſt have Rhime,*
Which long to pleaſe the Ladies ears, did chime.
Soon after this came Ranting Fuſtian in,
And none but Plays upon the Fret were ſeen;
Such rouring Bombaſt Stuff, which Fops would praiſe,
Tore our beſt Actors Lungs, cut ſhort their days.
Some in ſmall time did this Diſtemper kill,
And had the Savage Authors gone on ſtill,
Fuſtian had been a new Diſeaſe i'th' Bill.
When Time, which all Things tries, had laid Rhime dead,
The vile Uſurper Farce reign'd in its ſtead.
Then came Machines, brought from a Neighbour Nation,
Oh how we ſuffer'd under Decoration!
If all this Stuff has not quite ſpoyl'd your taſte,
Pray let a Comedy once more be grac'd.
Which does not Monſters repreſent but Men,
Conforming to the Rules of Maſter Ben.
Our Author, ever having him in view,
At humble diſtance would his ſteps purſue.
He to correct, and to inform did write:
If Poets aim at nought but to delight,
Fidlers have to the Bays an equal right.
Our Poet found your gentle Fathers kind,
And now ſome of his Works your Favour find.
He'll treat you ſtill with ſomewhat that is new,
But whether good or bad he leaves to you.
Baudy the niceſt Ladies need not fear,
The quickeſt Fancy ſhall extract none here.
We will not make 'em bluſh, by which is ſhown
How much their bought Red differs from their own.
No Fop, no Beau ſhall juſt exceptions make,
None but abandon'd Knaves offence ſhall take;
Such Knaves as he induſtriouſly offends,
And ſhould be very loth to have his Friends.
For you who bring good humour to the Play,
We'll do our beſt to make you laugh to day.

Dram

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *William Belfond.* Mr. *Leigh.* — A Gentleman of above 3000 *l. per annum*, who in his Youth had been a Spark of the Town; but married and retired into the Country, where he turn'd to the other Extream, rigid, moroſe, moſt ſordidly covetous, clowniſh, obſtinate, poſitive and froward.

Sir *Edward Belfond*, Mr. *Griffin.* — His Brother, a Merchant, who by lucky Hits, had gotten a great Eſtate, lives ſingle with Eaſe and Pleaſure, reaſonably and virtuouſly. A Man of great Humanity and Gentleneſs and Compaſſion towards Mankind; well read in good Books, poſſeſſed with all Gentleman-like Qualities.

Belfond Senior. Mr. *Jevon.* — Eldeſt Son to Sir *William*, bred after his Father's ruſtick, ſwiniſh Manner, with great Rigour and Severity; upon whom his Father's Eſtate is entailed; the Confidence of which makes him break out into open Rebellion to his Father, and become leud, abominably vicious, ſtubborn and obſtinate.

Belfond Junior. Mr. *Mountford.* — Second Son to Sir *William*, adopted by Sir *Edward*, and bred from his Childhood by him, with all the Tenderneſs, and Familiarity, and Bounty, and Liberty that can be; inſtructed in all the liberal Sciences, and in all Gentleman-like Education: Somewhat given to Women, and now and then to good Fellowſhip; but an ingenious, well-accompliſh'd Gentleman; a Man of Honour and of excellent Diſpoſition and Temper.

Truman. Mr. *Bowman.* — His Friend, a Man of Honour and Fortune.

Cheatly. Mr. *Samford.* — A Raſcal, who by reaſon of Debts dares not ſtir out of *White-Fryers*, but there inveigles young Heirs in Tail; and helps 'em to Goods and Money upon great Diſadvantages; is bound for them, and ſhares with them, 'till he undoes them. A leud, impudent, debauch'd fellow, very expert in the *Cant* about the Town.

Shamwell. Mr. *Powel*, Jun. — Couſin to the *Belfonds*, an Heir, who being ruin'd by *Cheatly*, is made a Decoy-Duck

for others; not daring to ſtir out of *Alſatia*, where he lives; is bound with *Cheatly* for Heirs, and lives upon them, a diſſolute debauch'd Life.

Captain *Hackum*. A Block-headed Bully of *Alſatia*; a cowardly impudent, bluſtring Fellow; formerly a Serjeant in *Flanders*, run from his Colours, retreating into *White-Fryers* for a very ſmall Debt; where, by the *Alſatians* he is dubb'd a Captain; marries one that lets Lodgings, ſells Cherry-Brandy, and is a Bawd.

Scrapeall, Mr. *Freeman*. A hypocritical, repeating, praying, Pſalm ſinging, preciſe Fellow, pretending to great Piety, a godly Knave, who joins with *Cheatly*, and ſupplies young Heirs with Goods and Money.

Attorney. Mr. *Powel* Sen. To Sir *William Belfond*, who ſolicits his Buſineſs, and receives all his Packets.

Lolpoop. Mr. *Underhill*. A North Country Fellow, Servant to *Belfond* Senior, much diſpleas'd at his Maſter's Proceedings.

Termagant. Mr. *Alexander*. A Sharper, Brother to Mrs. *Termagant*.

La Mar. *French Valet de Chambre*.

Parſon An Indebted *Alſatian* Divine.

Tereſia. Mrs. *Knight*. Daughter to *Scrapeall*, in love with, and beloved by *Truman*.

Iſabella. Mrs. *Mountford*. His Neece, in love with, and beloved by *Belfond* Junior.

Lucia. Mrs. *Bracegirdle*. The Attorneys Daughter, a young beautiful Girl, of a mild and tender Diſpoſition; debauch'd by *Belfond* Junior.

Mrs. *Termagant*. Mrs. *Bowtell*. A Neglected Miſtreſs of *Belfond* Junior, by whom he has had a Child: A furious malicious, and revengeful Woman; perpetually plaguing him, and croſſing him in all his Deſigns; purſuing him continually with her Malice, even to the attempting of his Life.

Mrs. *Hackum*. Wife to Captain *Hackum*.

Mrs. *Betty*. *Lolpoop*'s Whore.

Mrs. *Margaret*. His Maſter's Whore.

Fidlers, Conſtables, Tipſtaff, Watch, Sergeant, &c. Musketeers, Rabble, &c.

TH

The Squire of *Alſatia.*

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond *Senior, meeting* Shamwell.

Belf. Sen. COuſin *Shamwell* well met; Good morrow to you.

Sham. Couſin *Belfond*, your humble Servant: What makes you Abroad ſo early? 'Tis not much paſt ſeven.

Belf Sen. You know we were Bowſy laſt Night: I am a lettle hot-headed this Morning; and come to take the freſh Air here in the Temple-walks.

Sham. Well: And what do you think of our Way of living here? Is not rich generous Wine better than your poor Hedg-Wine ſtum'd, or dull *March*-Beer? Are not delicate well-bred, well-dreſs'd Women better than Dairy-Maids, Tennants Daughters, or Barefoot Strumpets? Streets full of fine Coaches, better than a Yard full of Dung-Carts? a Magnificent Tavern, than a Thatcht Ale-houſe? Or the Society of brave honeſt, witty, merry Fellows, than the Converſation of unthinking Hunting, Hawking Block-heads, or High-ſhoo'd Peaſants and their wiſer Cattle?

Belf. Sen. O yes, a world adad. Ne're ſtir, I could never have thought there had been ſuch a gallant Place as *London:* Here I can be drunk over Night, and well next Morning: Can ride in a Coach for a Shilling as good as a Deputy Lieutenant; and ſuch merry Waggs, and ingenious Companions— Well, I vow and ſwear, I am mightily beholding to you, dear Couſin *Shamwell:* Then for the Women! Mercy upon us, ſo civil and well bred. And I'll ſwear upon a Bible, finer all of them than Knight Baronets Wives with us.

Sham. And ſo kind and pleaſant!

Belf. Sen. Ay, I vow pretty Rogues! No pride in them in the

the World; but ſo courteous and familiar, as I am an honeſt Man, they'll do whatever one would have 'em preſently; Ah ſweet Rogues: While in the Country, a pies take 'em, there's ſuch a ſtir with piſh, fy, nay Mr. *Timothy*, what do you do? I vow I'll ſqueak, never ſtir I'll call out, ah hah—

Sham. And if one of 'em happen to be with Child; there's ſtrait an uproar in the Country, as if the Hundred were ſu'd for a Robbery!

Belf. Sen. Ay, ſo there is: And I am in that fear of my Father beſides adad, he'd knock me i'th' Head, if he ſhould hear of ſuch a thing: To ſay Truth, he's ſo terrible to me I can never enjoy my ſelf for him: Lord! What will he ſay when he comes to know I am at *London*? Which he in all his life-time would never ſuffer me to ſee, for fear I ſhould be debauch'd forſooth; And allows me little or no Money at Home neither.

Sham. What matter what he ſays? Is not every Foot of the Eſtate entail'd upon you?

Belf. Sen. Well, I'll endur't no longer! If I can but raiſe Money; I'll teach him to uſe his Son like a Dog, I'll warrant him.

Sham. You can ne'er want that: Take up on the Reverſion. 'Tis a luſty one; and *Cheatly* will help you to the *Ready*: And thou ſhalt ſhine and be as gay as any *Spruce Prigg* that ever walk'd the Street.

Belf. Sen. Well: adad, you are pleaſant Men: And have the neateſt Sayings with you: *Ready*, and *Spruce Prigg*, and abundance of the prettieſt witty Words.— But ſure that Mr. *Cheatly* is as fine a Gentleman as any wears a Head: And as ingenious; ne'er ſtir, I believe he would run down the beſt Scholar in *Oxford*, and put 'em in a Mouſe-hole with his Wit.

Sham. In *Oxford*! Ay, and in *London* too.

Belf. Sen. Goodſookers Cozen! I always thought they had been wittieſt in the Univerſities.

Sham. O fy Couſin: A Company of *Putts*! meer *Patts*!

Belf. Sen. *Putts*, meer *Putts*: very good I'll ſwear, ha ha ha.

Sham. They are all Schollar Boys, and nothing elſe, as long as they live there: And yet they are as confident as if they knew every thing, when they underſtand no more beyond *Magdalen-Bridge* than meer *Indians*. But *Cheatly* is a rare fellow: I'll ſpeak a bold Word, He ſhall *Cut a Sham or Banter* with the beſt Wit or Poet of 'em all.

Belf. Sen. Good agen! *Cut a Sham or Banter*! I ſhall remember all theſe quaint Words in time: But Mr. *Cheatly*'s a Prodigy, that's certain.

Sham. He is ſo; and a worthy brave fellow, and the beſt Friend where he takes, and the moſt ſincere of any Man breathing.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Nay, I muſt needs ſay, I have found him very frank, and very much a Gentleman, and am moſt extreamly oblig'd to him and you for your great Kindneſs.

Sham. This Morning your Cloaths and Liveries will come Home, and thou ſhalt appear rich and ſplendid like thy ſelf, and the *Mobile* ſhall worſhip thee.

Belf. Sen. The *Mobile!* That's pretty. *Enter* Cheatly. Sweet Mr. *Cheatly*, my beſt Friend, let me embrace thee.

Cheat. My ſprightly Son of Timber and of Acres: My noble Heir I ſalute thee: The *Cole* is coming, and ſhall be brought in this Morning.

Belf. Sen. *Cole?* Why 'tis Summer, I need no firing now. Beſides I intend to burn Billets.

Cheat. My luſty *Ruſtick*, learn and be inſtructed. *Cole* is in the Language of the Witty, Money. The *Ready*, the *Rhino*; thou ſhalt be *Rhinocerical*, my Lad, thou ſhalt.

Belf. Sen. Admirable I ſwear! *Cole! Ready! Rhino! Rhinocerical!* Lord, how long may a Man live in Ignorance in the Country.

Sham. Ay: But what Aſſes you'll make of the Country Gentlemen when you go amongſt them. 'Tis a Providence you are faln into ſo good Hands.

Belf. Sen. 'Tis a Mercy indeed. How much *Cole*, *Ready*, and *Rhino*, ſhall I have?

Cheat. Enough to ſet thee up to ſpark it in thy Brother's Face: And e'er thou ſhalt want the *Ready*, the *Darby*, Thou ſhalt make thy fruitful Acres in Reverſion to fly, and all thy ſturdy Oaks to bend like Switches! But thou muſt ſqueeze my Lad: Squeeze hard, and Seal my *Bully*. *Shamwell* and I are to be bound with thee.

Belf. Sen. I am mightily beholding to you both, I vow and ſwear; my Uncle Sir *Edward* took my Brother when he was a Child, and Adopted him: Would it had been my Lot.

Sham. He is a noble Gentleman, and maintains him in Coach and Equipage fit for him.

Cheat. Thou ſhalt not ſee the *Prigg* thy Brother till thou ſhalt out-jingle him in *Ready*, out-ſhine him in thy Ornaments of Body, out-ſpark him in thy Coach and Liveries; and ſhalt be ſo *Equipt*, that thou ſhalt dazzle the whole Town with thy outragious Splendor.

Belf. Sen. I vow his Tongue is rarely hung!

Cheat. Thy Brother's Heart will break with Envy at thy Gallantry: The Fops and Beaus ſhall be aſtoniſht at thy Brightneſs. What *Ogling* there will be between thee and the *Blowings*: Old ſtaring at thy *Equipage*. And every *Buttock* ſhall fall down before thee.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Ha, ha, ha! I vow you are the pleaſant'ſt Man I ever met with, and I'll ſwear the beſt Friend I ever had in my Life; that I muſt needs ſay. I was reſolv'd not to let my Brother ſee me till I was in Circumſtances dee ſee: And for my Father he's in *Holland*. My Mother's Brother dy'd and left him ſole Executor. He'll not be here theſe ſix Weeks.

Sham. Well, when you ſee your Brother he'll envy you, and rail at thoſe who made you flouriſh ſo. We ſhall be caſt off.

Belf. Sen. Gudſookers Couſin! I take it very unkindly that you ſhould ſay ſo. I'll caſt off all the Relations in the World before I'll part with ſuch true, ſuch loving Friends, adad.

Enter Captain Hackum.

O noble Captain *Hackum*, your Servant; Servant Captain.

Hack. Your humble *Trout*, good noble Squire, you were brave and *bowzy* laſt Night; i'faith you were.

Belf. Sen. Yes really, I was *Clear:* For I do not remember what I did, or where I was: *Clear*, *Clear*; is not that right?

Sham. Ay, ay! Why, you broke Windows: *ſcour'd*, broke open a Houſe in *Dorſet* Court, and took a pretty Wench, a Gentleman's *Natural*, away by force.

Cheat. Very true: And this Magnanimous Spark, This Thunderbolt of War, Captain *Hackum*, laid about him like a Hero, as did ſome other of your Friends, or elſe the Watch had maul'd us: But we made them *ſcoure*.

Belf. Sen. Nay o' my Conſcience, the Captain's mighty Valiant; there's Terror in that Countenance and Whiskers: He's a very *Scanderberg* incarnate. And now you put me in mind, I recollect ſomewhat of this matter: My Shoulders are plaguy ſore, and my Arms black and blue; but where's the Wench, the *Natural*, ha Captain?

Hack. Ah Squire, I led her off. I have her ſafe for you.

Belf. Sen. But does not the Gallant thunder and roar for her?

Hack. The Scoundrel dares not: He knows me, who never knew fear in my Life; For my Part, I love Magnanimity and Honour, and thoſe things; And fighting is one of my Recreations.

He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honeſtly do,
Is a Herald to himſelf and a Godfather too.

Belf. Sen. O brave Captain.

Cheat. The *Prigſter lugg'd out* in Defence of his *Natural*; the Captain *whipt* his *Porker* out, and away *rubb'd Prigſter* and call'd the Watch.

Belf. Sen. *Prigſter lugg'd out*, *Natural*, *Porker*, *rubb'd*, admirable! This is very ingenious Converſation: Y'are the pureſt Company; Who would not keep Company with the Wits; Pox o' the Country I ſay.

Hack.

Hack. But Squire, I had damn'd ill Luck afterwards: I went o to the Gaming Ordinary, and loſt all my *Ready*; they left e not a *Rag* or *Sock*: Pox o' the *Tatts* for me: I believe they ut the *Doctor* upon me.

Belf. Sen. *Tatts* and *Doctor!* What's that?

Sham. The Tools of *Sharpers*, falſe Dice.

Hack. Hark you, prithee Noble Squire, *Equip* me with a couple of *Meggs*, or two Couple of *Smelts*.

Belf. Sen. *Smelts*! What ſhall we beſpeak another Diſh of iſh for our Dinner?

Sham. No, no, *Meggs* are Guineas, *Smelts* are Half Guineas: le would borrow a Couple of Guineas.

Belf. Sen. *Meggs*, *Smelts!* Ha, ha, ha. Very pretty by my oth. And ſo thou ſhalt, Dear Captain: There are two *Meggs*; and I vow and ſwear I am glad I have 'em to pleaſure ou, adad I am.

Hack. You are ſo honeſt a Gentleman, Quarrel every Day nd I'll be your Second; once a Day at leaſt: And I'll ſay this or you, There's not a finer Gentleman this Day walks the *ryers*; no diſpraiſe to any Man, let him be what he will.

Belf. Sen. Adad you make me proud, Sir. *Enter* Lolpoop. *Lolpoop*, where have you been all this Morning, Sirrah?

Lolpoop. Why 'tis but rear marry, 'tis meet a-bit paſt Eight: y'r Lady, yeow were ſo fow drunken laſt neeght, I had houghten yeow wouden ha leen a Bed aw the Morn: Well, ine eyne ake a gazing up and down on aw the fine Sights; ut for aw that ſend me *North* to my own *Caunty* again.

Belf. Sen. Oh ſilly Rogue: You are only fit for Cattle. Gentemen, you muſt excuſe him, he knows no better.

Lolp. Marry, better quoth a! By th' Meſs, this is a Life for he Deel: To be drunken each Night, breake Windows, Roar, ing and Swear i'th' Streets; go to Loggerheads with the Conable and Watch, han Harlots in Gold and Silver Lace: Hea'n leſs us, and ſend me a whome again.

Belf. Sen. Peace, you ſawcy Scoundrel, or I'll Cudgel you o Pap: Sirrah do not provoke me, I ſay do not.

Lolp. Ods fleſh, where's Money for aw this? Yeowſt be run graunt ſoon and you takken this Caurſe, Iſe tell a that.

Belf. Sen. Take that, Sirrah: I'll teach you to mutter: What ny Man become my Maſter?

Lolp. Waunds! give me ten times more and ſend me whome gen at after. What will awd Maaſter ſay to this? I mun ne'r ee the Face of him I wot.

Sham. Hang him Rogue. Toſs him in a Blanket.

Cheat. Let me talk with him a little. Come on Fellow.

Lolp. Talk! Well, what ſen ye?

Cheat.

Cheatly bantering. Your Maſter being in this Matter, to de
port his Count'nance ſomewhat obliquely, to ſome Principles
which others but out of a mature Gravity may have weigh'd
and think too heavy to be undertaken; what does it avail
you ſhall precipitate or plunge your ſelf into Affairs, as unſuita
ble to your Phyſnomy as they are to your Complexion.

Lolp. Hah, what ſen you? yeow miſtaken me: I am no
Book-learn'd: I underſtand a not.

Cheat. No, 'tis the ſtrangeſt thing! Why, put the Caſe, yo
are inbebted to me 20*l.* upon a *Scire facias*: I extend this up
an Outlawry, upon Affidavit upon the *Niſi prius*: I plead to a
this Matter, *Non eſt inventus* upon the Pannel; what is to b
done more in this Caſe, as it lies before the Bench, but to awar
out Execution upon the *Poſſe Comitatus*, who are preſently
iſſue out a *Certiorari.*

Lolp. I underſtand a little of Sizes, Niſi prizes, Affidavi, Su
ſurari! but by the Maſs I cannot tell what to mack of aw th
together not I.

Belf. Sen. Ha, ha. Puppy! Owl! Loggerhead! O fil
Country *Put*! Here's a *Prigg* indeed: He'll ne'er find out wh
'tis to *Cut a Sham* or *Banter*: Well, I ſwear Sir you do it th
beſt of any Man in the World.

Cheat. No, no, I ſwear not I.

Belf. Sen. I proteſt Sir, you do it Incomparably.

Cheat. Nay, now you Complement: Faith you make me bluſ

Lolp. Sham and *Banter* are Heathen Greek to me: But yeo
have cut out fine wark for your ſel laſt Neeght: I went to ſe
the Hauſe yeow had Brocken, aw the Windows are po
dawne. I askt what was the Matter, and by th' Maſs the
haw learnt your Name too; they ſaiden Squire *Belfond* ha
done it, and raviſh'd a Wench: and that they hadden gotte
the Lord Chief Juſtice Warren for you, and wooden bring
pawr of Actions againſt yeow.

Belf. Sen. Is this true?

Lolp. Ay, by the Maſs.

Cheat. No matter; we'll bring you off with a wet Finger
truſt me for that.

Belf. Sen. Dear Friend, I rely upon you for every thing.

Sham. We value not twenty ſuch Things of a Ruſh.

Hack. If any of their Officers dare invade our Priviledge
we'll ſend 'em to Hell without *Bail* or *Mainprize.*

Lolp. But I can tella a wor News than aw this; I ne'r ſa
Fleſh alive, and I ſaw not your Father's Man *Roger* come
o'th *Temple-gate* een now. Your Father's in Town that certai

Belf. Sen. How! my Father ſay you? 'Tis impoſſible.

Che

Cheat. Courage my Heir in Tail: Thy Father's a poor sneaking Tennant for Life; thou shalt live better than he can: And if we do contract a Debt upon thy dirty Acres in the North, I have design'd for you a fine young Lady with a swinging Fortune to redeem all; And 'tis impossible my Lad to miss her.

Belf. Sen. Sir, let me embrace you, and love you: Never Man embrac'd a better Friend! *Amicus Certus in re incerta cernitur*, as the saying is.

Lolp. Sir, Sir, let me speak one Word with you; Ods-flesh, I'll dye the Death of a Dog, and aw these yeow seen here, be not Rogues, Cheats and Pick-pockets.

Belf. Sen. Peace you Rascal; Adad I would not have any of 'em hear for five hundred pounds; you were a dead Man.

Lolp. What is the Reason they dare not stir out of this priviledg'd Place, but on Sabbath-Days?

Belf. Sen. You Blockhead, Mr. *Cheatly* had an Alderman's young Wife run away with him, is sued for't, and is in fear of a substantial Jury of City Cuckolds. *Shamwell*'s unnatural Father lays wait for him, to apprehend him and run him into the Country. The Brave and Valiant Gentleman, Captain *Hackum*, who is as stout as a Lyon, beat a Judges Son t'other Day. And now your Questions are fully answer'd, you *Put* you.

Cheat. Honest *Shamwell*, thou art a rare fellow: Thy Cozen here, is the wealthiest *Caravan* we have met with a long time; the hopefullest *Sealer* that ever yet toucht Wax among us: But we must take off that evil Counsellor of His.

Sham. I warrant you. *Enter Taylor with a Bundle, a Perri-*
Oh Cozen, here's your *wig-maker, Hatter, Shoe-maker.*
Tailor, with your Clothes and Liveries, Hatter, Shoe-maker, Perriwig-maker.

Cheat. All your moveables together; go into your Lodging and fit them: your new Footmen, and your *French Valet de Chambre* are there, I'll wait on you there presently.

Lolp. Odsflesh, here's whaint wark; By'r Lady this is fine whaw, whaw!

Belf. Sen. Get you in, you Rogue: An you mutter one Word more, adad I'll mince you, Sirrah: Well, go in all of you, Gentlemen, I shall see you presently. *Exit.*

Cheat. Immediately: Let us hugg our selves, my dear Rascal, in this Adventure, you have done very well to engage him last Night in an Outrage; and we must take care to put him upon all the Expence we can: We must reduce him to have as much need of us as possible.

Sham. Thou art i'th' right: But Captain, where's the *Convenient*, the *Natural*?

Hack.

Hack. Why at my Houſe: my Wife has wrought her into a good Humour: She is very pretty; and is now pleas'd to think the Squire will be a better Keeper than her former; for he was but a *Sharper*, a *Tatmonger*, and when he wanted Money, would kick and beat her moſt immoderately.

Sham. Well: I'll ſay that for the Captain's Wife, ſhe's as good an able diſcreet Woman to carry on an Intrigue, as e'er a Woman in the *Fryers*! Nay better.

Hack. Your Servant good Mr. *Shamwell*; ſhe's a very good Woman, thanks be to Heaven, I have great Comfort in her; ſhe has a Cup of the beſt Cherry-Brandy in the *Fryers*.

Sham. aſide. And commonly a good Whore to boot: But prithee Captain, go home and let her and the young Girl prepare to dine with us; we muſt have a great Dinner and Fidlers at the *George*, to ſeaſon the Squire in his new Equipage.

Hack. Well, well, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*

Sham. You'll find this Fellow a neceſſary Tool in Conſort with his Wife, who is indeed, a Bawd of Parts: He is a good Ruffian enough: For tho' he be not ſtout, he's impudent, and will roar and keep a filthy pother, which is enough to make Fools believe he's ſtout.

Cheat. Let him, and the ſmall Fry pick up the Squires looſe Crums, While we ſhare in the luſty Sums.

Enter Scrapeall.

Oh here comes Mr. *Scrapeall* with all his Zeal; our godly Accomplice in all Deſigns; leave him to me. *Ex.* Sham.

Oh Mr. *Scrapeall*! Have you brought the Money for the Squire?

Scrap. I come to tell you, that my Man approacheth with the Money and the Goods for your Squire.

Cheat. I hope you have not burden'd him with too many Goods at firſt?

Scrap. No: But a fourth Part: 'Tis true the Goods are ſomewhat ſtale, but I will take them off at ſmall under Rates: You know I am not ſeen in furniſhing of the Goods and Money, but only in the buying of the Goods. My Lawyer accompanieth my Man to teſtify the Writings.

Cheat. 'Tis as it ſhould be: He is a fat Squire; the Eſtate in Tail is full 3000*l.* a Year. He will yield well.

Scrap. aſide. This Squire is to take to Wife a Niece I have in Charge: His Father is to give me 5000*l.* out of her Fortune; and the Squire's Lewdneſs and Prodigality will ſoon let me deep into his Reverſion. Beſides his lighting into theſe Hands, will make his Father, when he finds it, haſten to agree with me for his Redemption; I like the Buſineſs well. I am going to the Man you call *Crump*, who helpeth Sollicitors to Affidavit-men, and Swearers, and Bail.

Cheat.

Cheat. His Office is next Door; his Wardrobe for Bail and Witneſſes. Here he comes; let's meet him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Belſond, *and an Attorney.*

Sir Will. Sure I ſhould know the Face of that Fellow, that's going there into *White-Fryers*.

Att. 'Tis a moſt notorious One; you have ſeen him often; 'tis that moſt audacious Rogue, *Cheatly*; who has drawn in ſo many young Heirs, and undone ſo many *Sealers*: He is a *Bolter* of *White-Fryers*.

Sir Will. It is that Villain!

Att. I am very glad Sir, you have diſpatcht your Buſineſs ſo ſoon in *Holland*.

Sir Will. I had great Succeſs, and finiſhed all ſix Weeks at leaſt ere I expected; and had time to come by the Way of *Flanders*, and ſee that Country which I deſired: And from *Newport* I came to *Dover*; and riding Poſt from thence, I took a Boat at *Southwark*, and landed juſt now here at the *Temple*: But I am troubled you had ſent my Packet to *Holland* ere I came.

Att. I receiv'd none from you of late: No Packet has arriv'd this Fortnight from *Holland*.

Sir Will. Have you heard no News from my Son, nor my Steward in the Country?

Att. None theſe ten or twelve Days.

Sir Will. That Son is all the Joy of my Life; for him I hurry up and down, take Pains, ſpare and live hard to raiſe his Fortune.

Att. Indeed, I hear he's a fine Gentleman, and underſtands his Country Affairs as well as e'er a Farmer of them all.

Sir Will. I muſt confeſs he proves after my own Heart: He's a ſolid young Man, a dutiful Child as ever Man had, and I think I have done well for him, in providing him a Wife with ſuch a Fortune, which he yet knows nothing of. But will not this godly Man, this Mr. *Scrapeall*, take a Farthing leſs ſay you for his Niece?

Att. Not a Sowce: I have higgled with him as if I were to buy of a Horſe-courſer, and he will not take a farthing leſs than 1000 *l.* for his Niece.

Sir Will. He's a ſtrange Mixture, a perpetual Sermon-hunter, repeats and ſings Pſalms continually, and prays ſo loud and vehemently, that he is a Diſturbance to his Neighbours; he is ſo Heavenward pious, and ſeems a very Saint of a Scrivener.

Att. He finds the ſweet of that, it gets him many a good Truſt and Executorſhip.

Sir Will. Pox on him for a damn'd godly Knave, forſooth, cannot he be contented to ſell her, whom his own Brother committed to his Charge; but he muſt extort ſo much for her!

Well, I muſt agree with him: I know ſhe has full 20000 *l.* le
ber; and has been brought up as ſtrictly as my Son: Get Wri
tings ready: I'll ſend Poſt for my Son *Timothy* this Day.

Att. They are ready; you may ſeal in the Afternoon if yo
pleaſe.

Sr Will. And I will then. I'll detain you no longer: G
my Writings ready: I am reſolv'd to ſettle my other Boy wel
but my Town Son afflicts me when e'er I hear him nam'd.

Att. Your humble Servant Sir *Will. Belfond.* *Ex. At*

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, I have been at your Brother's Houſe, and they ſay h
is come to ſome Lawyer's Chamber in the *King's Bench Building*

Sir *Will.* That's lucky enough: I'll walk here then, and d
you watch. *Enter* Hackum, *and another Bull*
Who are theſe? Some Inhabitants of *White-Fryers*; ſome *Bull*
of *Alſatia*.

Hack. I was plaguy *Bowſy* laſt Night with Squire *Belfond*
We had Fiddles, Whores, *Scour'd*, broke Windows, be
Watches, and roar'd like Thunder.

Bully. Ay, I hear'd you.

Sir *Will.* What ſays he? *Aſide.*

Hack. He Drinks, Whores, Swears, Sings, Roars, Rants an
Scours with the beſt of us.

Sir *Will.* Sir, with your Favour, are you acquainted wit
young *Belfond*?

Hack. Yes that I am. What Country *Putt*'s this? *Aſid*

Sir *Will.* What Country Man is he, Sir?

Hack. Prithee, old *Prigſter*, why do'ſt ask? He is a Norther
Man: He has a damn'd Ruſtick, miſerable Raſcal to his Fathe
who lives a naſty brutal Life in the Country, like a Swine: Bu
the Squire will be even with him I warrant him.

Sir *Will.* I have ſomething to ſay to him, if I could ſee him.

Hack. You, you old *Prigg*, you damn'd *Country Putt:* Yo
have ſomewhat to ſay to him! I am ready to give you Satisfa
on: *Lugg out*; come you *Putt:* I'll make you *Scamper.*

Sir *Will.* D'ye hear *Bully Raſcal*, put up and walk your Wa
or by Heaven I'll beat you as long as you are able to be beaten

Bully. I'll ſtand by you: You may eaſily beat this old Fellow

Hack. No Man e're gave me ſuch Words, but forfeited h
Life; I could *whip thee through the Lungs* immediately: But I'
deſiſt at preſent. Who the Devil would have thought th
Putt durſt have drawn a Sword? Well Sir, we ſhall take
Time Sir, another Time Sir.

Sir *Will.* You lye, you Raſcal; you will take no Time.
Here's a fine Companion of my Sons! *Exit Bull*
Ent

Enter Sir Edward Belfond.

Sir *Edw.* Who's this I ſee? my Brother! Sir *William Belfond!* Your humble Servant. You are welcome into *England.* I look'd not for you theſe ſix Weeks.

Sir *Will.* I landed at the *Temple-ſtairs* even now: My Man has been at your Houſe, and he heard there you were here.

Sir *Edw.* I hope you have done your Buſineſs.

Sir *Will.* Beyond my Expectation.

Sir *Edw.* Has your Wife's Brother done by you in his Will, as you would have had him.

Sir *Will.* Truly yes: He has made me ſole Executor, and left my two Sons 5000*l.* a piece, to be paid at each of their Days of Marriage, or at my Death.

Sir *Edw.* Well Brother, you are a happy Man; for Wealth flows in upon you on every Side, and Riches you Account the greateſt Happineſs.

Sir *Will.* I find that Wealth alone will not make happy. Ah Brother, I muſt confeſs it was a Kindneſs in you, when Heaven had bleſt you with a great Eſtate by Merchandize, to adopt my younger Son, and take him and breed him from his Childhood: But you have been ſo gentle to him, he is run into all Manner of Vice and Riot; no Bounds can hold him; no Shame can ſtop him; no Laws nor Cuſtoms can reſtrain him.

Sir *Edw.* I am confident you are miſtaken: He has as fair a Reputation as any Gentleman about *London:* 'Tis true, he's a good fellow, but no Sot; he loves Mirth and Society, without Drunkenneſs: He is, as all young Fellows I believe are, given to Women; but 'tis in private; and he is particular: No common Whore-maſter: and in ſhort, keeps as good Company as any Man in *England.*

Sir *Will.* Your over-weening makes you look through a falſe Glaſs upon him. Company! Why he keeps Company for the Devil: Had you come a Minute ſooner, you might have ſeen two of his Companions; they were praiſing him for Roaring, Swearing, Ranting, Scouring, Whoring, beating Watches, breaking Windows: I but ask'd one of 'em if he knew him, and ſaid I had ſomewhat to ſay to him; the Rogue, the moſt ſeemingly terrible of the two, told me, if I had any thing to ſay to Squire *Belfond*, he would give me Satisfaction.

Sir *Edw.* What Kind of Fellow?

Sir *Will.* He came out of *White-Fryers.* He's ſome *Alſatian* Bully.

Sir. *Edw.* 'Tis impoſſible; he never keeps ſuch Company.

Sir *Will.* The Rogue drew upon me: bid me *Lugg out*, call'd me *Old Prigg, Country Putt*; and ſpoke a particular Language which ſuch Rogues have made to themſelves, call'd Canting, as

Beggars,

Beggars, Gipsies, Thieves and Goal-Birds do: But I made his Bullies go away very tamely at the Sight of my drawn Sword.

Sir *Edw.* I am sure he keeps no such Company: It must be some other of his Name.

Sir *Will.* You make me mad to excuse him thus: The Town rings of him; You have ruin'd him by your Indulgence: Besides, he throws away Money like Dirt; his Infamy is notorious.

Sir *Edw.* Infamy: Nay, there you wrong him; he does no ungentleman-like Things: Prithee consider Youth a little: What if he does Wench a little; and now and then is somewhat extravagant in Wine? Where's the great Crime? All young Fellows that have Mettle in 'em will do the first; and if they have Wit and good Humour in 'em, in this drinking Country, they will sometimes be forc'd upon the latter: And he must be a very dull phlegmatick Lump, whom Wine will not elevate to some Extravagance now and then.

Sir *Will.* Will you distract me? What are Drinking and Whoring no Faults? His Courses will break my Heart; they bring Tears into my Eyes so often.

Sir *Edw.* One would think you had been Drinking and were maudling: Think what we our selves did when we were young Fellows: You were a Spark, would Drink, Scour and Wench with the best o'th' Town.

Sir *Will.* Ay, but I soon repented, married and settled.

Sir *Edw.* And turn'd as much to the other Extream: And now perhaps, I mislike these Faults, caus'd by his Heat of Youth. But how do you know he may not be reclaim'd suddenly?

Sir *Will.* Reclaim'd? how can he be reclaim'd without Severity? You should cudgel him, and allow him no Money; make him not dare to offend you thus. Well, I have a Son whom by my Strictness, I have form'd according to my Heart: He never puts on his Hat in my Presence; Rises at second Course, takes away his Plate; says Grace, and saves me the Charge of a Chaplain. When ever he committed a Fault, I maul'd him with Correction: I'd fain see him once dare to be extravagant: No, he's a good Youth, the Comfort of my Age; I weep for Joy to think of him. Good Sir, learn to be a Father of him that is one: I have a natural Care of him.

Sir *Edw.* You are his Father by Nature, I by Choice: I took him when he was a Child, and bred him up with Gentleness, and that kind of Conversation has made him my Friend: He conceals nothing from me, or denies nothing to me. Rigour makes nothing but Hypocrites.

Sir *Will.* Perhaps, when you begin late; but you should have been severe to him in his Childhood: abridge him of Liberty and

and Money; and have had him ſoundly whipp'd often; he would have bleſt you for it afterwards.

Sir Edw. Too much Streightneſs in the Minds of Youth, like too much lacing the Body, will make 'em grow crooked.

Sir Will. But no lacing at all, will make them ſwell and grow Monſters.

Sir Edw. I muſt govern by Love: I had as leive govern a Dog as a Man if it muſt be by fear: This I take to be the Difference between a good Father to Children, and a harſh Maſter over Slaves.

Sir Will. Yes, and ſee what your Government is come to; his Vice and Prodigality will diſtract me.

Sir Edw. Why ſhould you be ſo concern'd? He is mine, is he not?

Sir Will. Yes, by Adoption, but he is mine by Nature.

Sir Edw. 'Tis all but Cuſtom.

Sir Will. Mine is a tender Care.

Sir Edw. Your Paſſion blinds you: I have as tender Care as you can have: I have been ever delighted with him from his Childhood: He is endear'd to me by long Cuſtom and Familiarity. I have had all the Pleaſure of a Father, without the Drudgery of getting a Son upon a damn'd Wife, whom perhaps I ſhould wiſh hang'd.

Sir Will. And will you let him run on in his Lewdneſs and Prodigality.

Sir Edw. He is mine; if he offends, 'tis me; if he ſquanders away Money, 'tis mine, and what need you care? Pray take Care of your own; if you will take Care of this too, what do you but take him from me?

Sir Will. This you come to always; I take him from you! No, I'd not be troubled with him. Well, let him run on, and be ruin'd, hang'd and damn'd — I'll never ſpeak Word more about him. Let him go on.

Sir Edw. This Heat of Youth will be allay'd ere long I warrant you.

Sir Will. No no let him go on, let him go on; I'll take Care of my own at home; and happy were this Rake-hell if he would take Example by his Brother: But I ſay no more; I've done; let him go on.

Sir Edw. Now you are angry, your Paſſion runs away with you.

Sir Will. No no, I've done; what would you have more?

Sir Edw. Let us go and ſee him; I'll lay my Life you'll find him peruſing ſome good Author; he ever ſpends his whole Morning in Study.

Sir Will. I muſt into the City, the firſt Thing I do, and get my

my Bills accepted; and then if you will, we'll ſee him; and n doubt but we ſhall find him peruſing of ſome Whore or o ther, inſtead of a Book.

Sir Edw. I am not of your Opinion; but I'll carry you in m Coach into the City, and then bring you back to him; he is o ſo good a Diſpoſition; ſo much a Gentleman; and has ſuc Worth and Honour, that if you knew him as well as I, you' love him as well as I do.

Sir Will. Well well, I hear you Sir: I muſt ſend for my So Poſt: I'll ſhew you a Son. Well, Heaven bleſs him, I ſhoul be weary of this wicked World, but for the Comforts I fin in him: Come along, I'll ſhew you a Son. *Ex. Amb*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond *Junior, and* Lucia.

Belf. Jun. WHY doſt thou ſigh, and ſhow ſuch Sadne in thy Looks, My pretty Miſs?

Lucia. Have I not Reaſon?

Belf. Jun. Doſt thou miſlike thy Entertainment?

Luc. Ah cruel *Belfond*, thou haſt undone me.

Belf. Jun. My pretty little Rogue, I ſooner wou'd undo m ſelf a thouſand Times.

Luc. How I tremble to think what I've done! I've made m ſelf for ever miſerable.

Belf. Jun. Oh ſay not ſo, dear Child: I'll kiſs thoſe Tear from off thy beauteous Eyes. But I ſhall wrong thy Cheeks, on which they fall like precious Drops of Dew on Flowers.

Luc. Heaven! What have I done?

Belf. Jun. No more than what thy Mother did before thee; no more than thy whole Sex is born to do.

Luc. Oh had I thought you wou'd have been ſo cruel, I never would have ſeen your Face; I ſwear I would not.

Belf. Jun. I ſwear thou would'ſt, I know thou would'ſt; Cruel! No billing Turtle e'er was kinder to his tender Mate; in billing, cooing, and in gentle Murmers, we expreſs'd our Kindneſs; and coo'd and murmer'd and lov'd on.

Luc. The more unhappy Fool was I: Go go, I hate you now.

Belf. Jun. Oh my ſweet little One; thou canſt not ſure be ſo unkind: Thoſe pretty Tell-tales of thy Heart, thy Eyes ſay better Things.

Luc. Do they ſo? I'll be reveng'd on 'em for't; for they ſhall never

never ſee you more.

Belf. Jun. Ah ſay not ſo; I had rather much the Sun ſhould never ſhine on me; than thou be hidden from my Sight: Thou art not ſure in earneſt?

Luc. Yes ſure, I think I am.

Belf. Jun. No, my ſweet Love, I think thou art not.

Luc. Oh Lord, how ſhall I look! How ſhall I bear my ſelf! If any of my Friends ſhall fix their Eyes upon me, I ſhall look down and bluſh, and think they know all.

Belf. Jun. How many fair ones daily do the ſame, and look demurely as any Saints?

Luc. They are confident Things I warrant 'em.

Belf. Jun. Let Love be made familiar to thee, and thou wilt bear it better: Thou muſt ſee me every Day. Canſt thou be ſo hard-hearted to forbear the Sight of me?

Luc. Perhaps I may deſire now and then a Look, a Sight of thee at ſome Diſtance: But I will never venture to come near thee more I vow.

Belf. Jun. Let me kiſs that Vow from off thy Lips, while 'tis warm there; I have it here; 'tis gone: Thou wilt not kill me ſure; didſt not thou ſay thou lov'dſt me?

Luc. Yes I lov'd too much, or this had never happen'd; I could not elſe have been undone.

Belf. Jun. Undone; thou art made: Woman is but half a Creature till ſhe be joyn'd to Man; now thou art whole and perfect.

Luc. Wicked Man! Can I be ſo confident once to come near thee more?

Belf. Jun. Should'ſt thou but fail one Day, I never ſhould ſurvive it; and then my Ghoſt will haunt thee. Canſt thou look on me, pretty Creature, and talk thus?

Luc. Well, go thy Ways; that flattering Tongue, and thoſe bewitching Eyes were made to ruine Womankind.

Belf. Jun. Could I but think thou wert in earneſt, theſe Arms ſhould claſp thee ever here: I'd never part with thee.

Luc. No no, now I muſt be gone; I ſhall be miſt: How ſhall I get home and not be known? Sure every Body will diſcover me?

Belf. Jun. Thy Mask will cover all: There is a Chair below in the Entry to carry thee, and ſet thee down where thou wilt.

Luc. Farewel, dear cruel Man! And muſt I come to Morrow Morning ſay you? No no.

Belf. Jun. Yes yes; to morrow and to morrow, and every Morning of our Lives, I dye elſe. *Enter Foot-boy.*

Foot. Sir your Singing-Maſter is coming.

Belf. Jun. My Singing-Maſter, Mr. *Solfa* is coming.

Luc. O

Luc. O Lord hide me! He is my Maſter, he'll know me I ſhall not be able to go by him for trembling.

Belf. Jun. Pretty Miſs, into the Cloſet; I'll diſpatch h ſoon. *Goes*

Enter Singing Maſter and his Daughter.

Come Maſter, let your Daughter ſing the Song you promis'd m *Solfa*, Come *Betty*. Pleaſe to put in a Flute Sir.

Belf. Jun. Come on.

Song with two Flutes and a thorough Baſe.

The Expoſtulation.

Still wilt thou ſigh, and ſtill in vain
A cold neglectful Nymph adore;
No longer fruitleſly complain,
But to thy ſelf thy ſelf reſtore.
In Youth thou caught'ſt this fond Diſeaſe,
And ſhouldſt abandon it in Age;
Some other Nymph as well may pleaſe,
Abſence or Buſineſs diſengage.

On tender Hearts the Wounds of Love.
Like thoſe imprinted on young Trees,
Or kill at firſt, or elſe they prove
Larger by inſenſible Degrees.
Buſineſs I try'd, ſhe fill'd my Mind;
On others Lips my Dear I kiſt;
But never ſolid Joy could find,
Where I my charming Sylvia *miſt.*

Long Abſence, like a Greenland *Night,*
Made me but wiſh for Sun the more;
And that inimitable light,
She, none but ſhe, could e'er reſtore.
She never once regards thy Fire,
Nor ever vents one ſigh for thee.
I muſt the glorious Sun admire,
Tho' he can never look on me.

Look well, you'll find ſhe's not ſo rare,
Much of her former Beauty's gone;
My Love her Shadow larger far
Is made by her declining Sun.
What if her Glories faded be,
My former Wounds I muſt endure;
For ſhould the Bow unbended be,
Yet that can never help the Cure.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis very eaſie and natural: Your Daughter ſings icately. *Enter* Truman.

Tru. Belfond, good morrow to thee; I ſee thou ſtill tak'ſt e to melt away thy Hours in ſoft Delights.

Belf. Jun. Honeſt *Truman!* All the Pleaſures and Diverſions can invent, are little enough to make the Farce of Life go wn.

Tru. And yet what a Coil they keep: How buſie and induſtri- s are thoſe who are reckon'd grave and wiſe about this Life, f there were ſomething in it.

Belf. Jun. Thoſe Fools are in earneſt, and very ſolid; they nk there's ſomething in't, while wiſe Men know there's no- ng to be done here but to make the beſt of a bad Market.

Tru. You are mighty Philoſophical this Morning. But ſhall ot hear one Song as well as you?

Belf. Jun. Have you ſet that Ode in *Horace?*

Solfa. I have.

Belf. Jun. Then I hope you will be encourag'd to ſet more of ; we then ſhall be ſure of Wit and Muſick together; while great Muſicians do often take moſt Pains about the ſillieſt rds. Prithee *Truman* ſing it.

Tru. ſings. *Integer vitæ Sceleriſque purus*, &c. Hor. Ode 22. *l.* 1.

Belf. Jun. Very well; you have oblig'd me; pleaſe to accept his. And Madam, you ſhall give me leave to ſhew my Gra- de by a ſmall Preſent.

Solfa and Daughter. Your Servant Sir. *Exeunt.*

Tru. You are ſo immoderately given to Muſick, methinks it uld juſtle Love out of your Thoughts.

elf. Jun. Oh no! Remember *Shakeſpear*; If Muſick be the d of Love, play on——There's nothing nouriſhes that ſoft ion like it, it imps his Wings, and makes him fly a higher h. But prithee tell me what News of our dear Miſtreſſes? ver yet was ſo ſincerely in love as with my pretty Hypocrite: re is Fire in thoſe Eyes that ſtrikes like Lightning: What nſtant Church-man ſhe made of me?

ru. And mine has made an entire Conqueſt of me: 'Tis the charming pretty Creature, that e'er my Eyes beheld.

elf. Jun. Let us not fall out, like the Heroes in the *Rehear-* for not being in love with the ſame Woman.

ru. Nothing could be ſo fortunate as our Difference in this : The only one we diſagree in.

elf. Jun. Thou art in the right; mine has ſo charm'd me, I content to abandon all other Pleaſures, and live alone for ſhe has ſubdu'd me even to Marriage.

ru. Mine has no leſs vanquiſh'd me; I'll render upon Diſ- on. Ah Rogue *Belfond*, I ſee by your Bed, for all your

conſtant Love, you have had a Wench this Night.

Belf. Jun. Peace Peace Man; 'tis dangerous to faſt too lon for fear of loſing an Appetite quite.

Tru. You are a ſincere honeſt Lover indeed.

Belf. Jun. Faith *Truman*, we may talk of mighty Matter of our Honeſty and Morality; but a Young Fellow carries th about him that will make him a Knave now and then in ſpite his Teeth. Beſides, I am afraid 'tis impoſſible for us profa Fellows to ſucceed in that ſanctify'd Family.

Tru. You will not ſay ſo, when you know what Progreſs have made in our Affairs already.

Belf. Jun. Thou reviv'ſt my drooping Hopes: Tell me, are like to ſucceed! Oh if I can but prevail upon my pretty lit Church-woman, I am reſolv'd to conform to her for ever.

Tru. Look under my Coat; Am I not well habited, wit plain Band, bob Peruke, and no Cuffs?

Belf. Jun. Verily, like one of the pure ones:

Tru. Yea, and our frequenting of Sermons and Lectur (which Heaven knows we did out of no good, but for the ſa of theſe little ones) has us'd me to their Stile: Thus qualify'd got acceſs into the Houſe, having found that their Governan Siſter to a Weaver in the Weſt, whom I know; I pretended be her Couſin, and to bring a Token ſent to her by her Broth and was very welcome to her.

Belf. Jun. Moſt fortunate: Why does he keep 'em ſo ſtrict Never to ſee the Face of Man.

Tru. Be not troubled at that, 'twill forward our Deſig they'll be the more earneſt to be deliver'd. But no *Italian* W men are ſo cloſely confin'd; the pure Knave intends to ſell 'e even his Daughter, who has a good Fortune left her by a W dow, that was her Aunt: And for his Niece, he has as good agreed already with your Father for 5000*l.* to marry her to y Brother in the Country; her Uncle gave her 20000*l.* and t is the Reaſon of confining 'em, for fear of loſing the Money.

Belf. Jun. With my Father ſay ye?

Tru. Moſt certain: This I learnt out of Madam Governan at the firſt Enterview.

Belf. Jun. This is a very odd Accident; 'twill make my D ficulty greater.

Tru. Not at all: As Lyers are always readyeſt to believe Ly I never knew an Hypocrite but might eaſily be cozen'd by a ther Hypocrite. I have made my Way, and I warrant the good Event: I intend to grow great with the Father.

Belf. Jun. Thy ſanguine Temper makes thee always hope every Enterprize.

Tru. You might obſerve, whenever we ſtar'd upon 'em, t

wo

would ſteal a Look at us, by ſtealth have often twiſted Eye-Beams with us.

Belf. Jun. The ſowre and devout Look indeed ſeems but put on: There is a pretty Warmth and Tenderneſs in their Eyes, that now and then gilds o'er the godly Look; like the Suns Light, when breaking through a Cloud, it ſwiftly glides upon a Field of Corn.

Tru. The Air of their Faces plainly ſhew they have Wit that muſt deſpiſe thoſe trifling Forms; their preciſe Looks moſt ſurely are conſtrain'd.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Belf. Jun. How Madam *Termagant* here! Then we ſhall have fine Work. What Wind blows you hither?

Term. How dare you think that I of all Womankind ſhould be us'd thus?

Belf. Jun. You mean not us'd, that's your Grievance.

Term. Good Mr. Diſdain, I ſhall ſpoil your ſcoffing: Has my Love deſerv'd to be thus ſlighted? I that have refus'd Princes for your Sake: Did not all the Town court me? And muſt I chooſe ſuch an ungrateful Wretch?

Belf. Jun. When you were firſt in Seaſon, you were a little courted by ſome of Quality: Miſtreſſes, like Green Peaſe, at firſt coming are only had by the Rich, but afterwards they come to every Body.

Term. Curſe on your ſawcy Similes: Was not I yours, and only yours?

Belf. Jun. I had not Faith enough for that; but if you were, I never had any that was mine and only mine, but I made 'em all Mankinds before I had done.

Term. Ah Traytor! And you muſt pick me out to make this baſe Example of: Muſt I be left?

Belf. Jun. Left! Yes ſure, Left! Why you were not marry'd to me: I took no Leaſe of your frail Tenement: I was but Tenant at my own Will.

Term. Inſolent! How dare you thus provoke my Fury? Was ever Woman's Love like mine to thee? Perfidious Man! (*weeps.*

Belf. Jun. So, after the Thunder, thus the Heat Drops fall.

Term. No, I ſcorn that thou ſhouldſt bring Tears into my Eyes.

Belf. Jun. Why do you come to trouble me?

Term. Since I can pleaſe no longer, I'll come to plague thee; and if I dye before thee, my Ghoſt ſhall haunt thee.

Belf. Jun. Indeed your Love was moſt particular with ſpitting and ſcratching, like caterwauling; and in the beſt of Humours you were ever murmering and complaining; Oh my Head akes, I am ſo ſick, and jealous to Madneſs too.

Term. Oh Devil incarnate!

Tru. Belfond, thou art the moſt ungentle Knight alive.

Term. Methinks the pretty Child I have had by you ſhould make you leſs inhumane.

Belf. Jun. Let me have it; I'll breed it up.

Term. No, thou ſhalt never have it while thou liveſt. I'll pull it Limb from Limb e'er thou ſhalt have it.

Belf. Jun. This is ſo unnatural, that you will make me ſo far from thinking it mine, that I ſhall not believe it yours; but that you have put a falſe Child upon me.

Term. Unworthy Wretch.

Belf. Jun. When thou art old enough, thy Malice and ill Humour will qualifie thee for a Witch; but thou hadſt never Douceurs enough in thy Youth to fit thee for a Miſtreſs.

Term. How dare you provoke me thus? For what little dirty Wench am I thus us'd? If ſhe be above Ground I'll find her, and tear her Eyes out. Hah—By the Bed I ſee the Devil has been here to Night—Oh oh, I cannot bear it. (*Falls into a Fit.*

Tru. Belfond, help the Lady for ſhame; lay hold on her.

Belf. Ju. No no, let her alone, ſhe will not hurt herſelf I warrant thee: She is a rare Actor; ſhe acts a Fit of the Mother the beſt of any one in *England*. Ha ha ha.

Tru. How canſt thou be ſo cruel?

Belf. Jun. What a Devil ſhould I do? If a Man lies once with a Woman, is he bound to do it for ever?

Term. Oh oh.

Belf. Jun. Very well Faith; admirably well acted.

Term. Is it ſo? Devil, Devil: I'll ſpoil your *Point de Venice* for you. (*Flys at him.*

Belf. Jun. Will you force me to make my Footman turn you out?

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, Your Father and your Uncle are coming hither.

Belf. Jun. 'Sdeath, my Father! 'Tis impoſſible.

Foot. By Heaven 'tis true; they are coming up by this Time.

Belf. Jun. Look you Madam, you may if you will ruine me, and put me out of all Means of doing for you or your Child: Try me once more, and get into the Bed and cover your ſelf with the Quilt, or I am undone.

Term. Villian, you deſerve to be ruin'd: But I love my Child too well.

Tru. For Heaven's ſake hide your ſelf in the Bed quickly.

Term. No no, I'll run into the Cloſet.

Belf. Jun. Death and Hell! I am ruin'd: There's a young Girl there; ſhe'll make yet a worſe uproar.

Tru. Peace, let me alone. Madam, whatever happens, ruine not your ſelf and Child inevitably.

Enter Sir William Belfond, *Sir* Edward, *and Servants.*

Sir

Sir Edw. Ned, good morrow to thee.

Belf. Jun. Your Bleſſing Sir.

Sir Edw. Heaven bleſs thee. Here's one unexpected.

Belf. Jun. My Father! I beg your Bleſſing Sir.

Sir Will. Heaven mend you: It can never bleſs you in the leud Courſe you are in.

Belf. Jun. You are miſinform'd Sir: my Courſes are not ſo leud as you imagine.

Sir Will. Do you ſee: I am miſinform'd: He'll give me the Lye.

Belf. Jun. I would firſt bite my Tongue in Pieces, and ſpit it at you: Whatever little Heats of Youth I have been guilty of, I doubt not but in a ſhort Time to pleaſe you fully.

Sir Edw. Well ſaid *Ned*; I dare ſwear thou wilt.

Sir Will. Good Brother Credulous: I thank Heaven I am not ſo. You were not drunk laſt Night with Bullies, and roar'd and ranted, ſcour'd, broke Windows, beat the Watch, broke open a Houſe, and forc'd away a Wench in *Salisbury-Court*. This is a fine Life. Theſe he calls Heats of Youth.

Belf. Jun. I was at home by Eight a Clock laſt Night, and ſupp'd at home; and never kept ſuch Company.

Sir Will. No no, you are not call'd Squire *Belfond* by the Scoundrels your Companions? 'Twas not you, no no.

Belf. Jun. Not I upon my Faith, I never kept ſuch Company or do ſuch Actions: If any ſhould call me Squire I'd break his Head: Some Raſcal has uſurp'd my Name.

Sir Edw. Look you Brother, what would you have? This muſt be ſome Miſtake.

Sir Will. What a Devil! You believe this too? Ounds! you make me mad! It there any of our Name in *England* but our ſelves? Does he think to flam me with a Lye?

Belf. Jun. I ſcorn a Lye, 'tis the baſeſt Thing a Gentleman can be guilty of: All my Servants can teſtifie I ſtirr'd not out laſt Night.

Tru. I aſſure you Sir, he was not abroad laſt Night.

Sir Will. You aſſure me! Who are you? One of his hopeful Companions? No, your Cloths are not good enough, you may be his Pimp.

Tru. You are the Father of my Friend, an old Gentleman, and a little mad.

Sir Will. Old! Walk down; I'll try your Youth: I'll fight with the braveſt Ruffian he keeps Company with.

Sir Edw. Brother! Are you mad? Has the Country robb'd you of all good Manners, and common Senſe?

Sir Will. I had a Bout with two of your Bullies in the *Temple-Walks*.

Belf. Jun. Whom does he mean? This is a Gentleman of Eſtate and Quality; he has above 2000*l.* a Year.

Sir Edw. You are a mad Man; I am aſham'd of you. Sir, I beſeech you pardon my Brother's Paſſion, which tranſports him beyond Civility.

Belf. Jun. I know you will for my Sake.

Tru. He is the Father of my deareſt Friend; I ſhall be glad to ſerve him.

Sir Edw. Will you never be of Age of Diſcretion? For Shame uſe me your Son, and every Body better.

Sir Will. Well, I muſt be run down like a tame Puppy.

Luc. within. Murder, murder; Help, help; ah, ah!

Belf. Jun. Oh this damn'd ſhe Devil. (Termagant *pulls* Lucia *out by the Hair; they part 'em*

Term. I'll make you an Example: Will you ſee him whether I will or no, you young Whore?

Sir Will. Here's a Son! Here's a fine Son! Here's your breeding! Here's a pretty Son! Here's a delicate Son! Here's a dainty Son!

Sir Edw. If he be mad, will you be madder?

Belf. Jun. Turn out this ſhe Bear; turn her out to the Rabble.

Term. Revenge, you Villain, Revenge. (*Ex.* Term. *and Foot*

Belf. Jun. Dear Friend, prithee ſee this innocent Girl ſafe in the Chair, from that outragious Strumpets Fury. (*Ex.* Tru. *and* Luc.

Sir Will. Here's a Son, here's a Son! Very well, make much of him: Here's the Effect of Whoring.

Belf. Jun. No Sir, 'tis the Effect of not whoring: This Rage is becauſe I have caſt her off.

Sir Will. Yes yes, for a younger; a ſweet Reformation! Let me not ſee your Face, nor hear you ſpeak; you will break my Heart.

Belf. Jun. Sir, the young Girl was never here before; ſhe brought me Linnen from the *Exchange*.

Sir Will. A fine Bawd her Miſtreſs in the mean time.

Belf. Jun. This furious Wench coming in to rail at me for my leaving her, I was forc'd to put the other into that Cloſet; and at your coming up, againſt my Will, this run into the ſame Cloſet.

Sir Will. Sirrah, moſt audatious Rogue, do you ſham me? Do you think you have your Uncle to deal with? Avoid my Preſence Sirrah; get you out Sirrah.

Belf. Jun. I am ſorry I offended: I obey. (*Exit* Belf. Jun.

Sir Will. I could have found in my Heart to have cudgell'd him.

Sir Edw. Shame of our Family; you behave your ſelf ſo like a Mad-man and a Fool, you will be begg'd: Theſe Fits are more extravagant than any Thing he can be guilty of. Do you give

give your Son the Words of Command you use to Dogs?

Sir Will. Justifie him, do! He's an excellent Son! A very pretty Son! A delicate Son! A virtuous Son! A discreet Son! He is.

Sir Edw. Pray use me better, or I'll assure you we must never see one another. Besides, I shall entail my Estate for want of issue by this Son here, upon another Family, if you will treat me thus.

Sir Will. What says he? *aside.* Well Brother I've done: His Lewdness distracted me! Oh my poor Boy in the Country; I long to see him, the great Support of my declining Age.

Sir Edw. Let us calmly reason: What has your Breeding made of him (with your Patience) but a Blockhead?

Sir Will. A Blockhead! When he comes the World shall judge which of us has been the wiser in the Education of a Son: A Blockhead? Why he knows a Sample of any Grain as well as e'er a Fellow in the North; can handle a Sheep or Bullock as well as any one: Knows his Seasons of Plowing, Sowing, Harrowing, laying fallow: Understands all Sorts of Manure: And he'er a one that wears a Head can wrong him in a Bargain.

Sir Edw. A very pretty Fellow, for a Gentleman's Baily.

Sir Will. For his own Baily, and to be a rich——

Sir Edw. Swine, and live as nastily; and keep worse Company than Beasts in a Forest.

Sir Will. He knows no Vice, poor Boy.

Sir Edw. He will have his turn to know it then; as sure as he will have the Small Pox; and then he'll be fond on't when his Brother has left it.

Sir Will. I defy the Omen; he never whores, nor drinks hard, but upon Design, as driving a Bargain, or so; and that I allow him.

Sir Edw. So; knavish and designing Drunkenness you allow; but not good fellowship for Mirth and Conversation.

Sir *Will.* Now Brother, pray what have you made your Son good for, with your breeding you so much boast of? Let's hear that now: Come on, let's hear.

Sir *Edw.* First, I bred him at *Westminster-School*, till he was Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; then I kept him at the University, where I instructed him to read the Noble *Greek* and *Roman* Authors.

Sir *Will.* Well, and what use can he make of the Noble *Greek* and *Latin*, but to prate like a Pedant, and shew his Parts over a Bottle?

Sir *Edw.* To make a Man fit for the Conversation of learned Gentlemen is one noble End of Study: But those Authors make him wiser and honester, Sir, to boot.

Sir *Will.* Wiſer! Will he ever get Six-pence, or improve or keep his Eſtate by 'em?

Sir *Edw.* Mean Notions: I made him well vers'd in Hiſtory.

Sir *Will.* That's a pretty Study indeed: How can there be a true Hiſtory, when we ſee no Man living is able to write truly the Hiſtory of the laſt Week?

Sir *Edw.* He by the Way read Natural Philoſophy, and had inſight enough in the Mathematicks.

Sir *Will.* Natural Philoſophy! knows nothing: Nor would I give a Fart for any Mathematician, but a Carpenter, Bricklayer, Meaſurer of Land, or Sailor.

Sir *Edw.* Some moderate skill in it will uſe a Man to reaſon cloſely.

Sir *Will.* Very pretty: Reaſon! Can he Reaſon himſelf into Six Shillings by all this?

Sir *Edw.* He needs it not: But to go on; after three Years I remov'd him from the Univerſity (leſt he ſhould have too ſtrong a Tincture of it) to the *Temple*; there I got a modeſt learned Lawyer, of little Practice, for Want of Impudence; and there are ſeveral ſuch that want, while empty impudent Fellows thrive and ſwagger at the Bar: This Man I got to inſtruct my Son in ſome old common Law Books, the Statutes, and the beſt Pleas of the Crown, and the Conſtitution of the old true *Engliſh* Government.

Sir *Will.* Does he get a Shilling by all this? But what a Devil made you ſend him into *France*, to make an arrant vain Coxcomb of him?

Sir *Edw.* There he did all his manly Exerciſes; ſaw two Campaigns; ſtudied Hiſtory, Civil Laws, and Laws of Commerce; the Language he ſpoke well e'er he went. He made the Tour of *Italy*, and ſaw *Germany*, and the Low Countries, and return'd well skill'd in Foreign Affairs, and a compleat accompliſh'd *Engliſh* Gentleman.

Sir *Will.* And to know nothing of his own Eſtate, but how to ſpend it: My poor Boy has travell'd to better Purpoſe; for he has travell'd all about my Lands, and knows every Acre and Nook, and the Value of it: There's travel for you! Poor Boy.

Sir *Edw.* And he enjoys ſo little of that Eſtate he ſees, as to be impatient for your Death: I dare ſwear mine wiſhes my Life next to his own. I have made him a compleat Gentleman, fit to ſerve his Country in any Capacity.

Sir *Will.* Serve his Country! Pox on his Country: 'Tis a Country of ſuch Knaves, 'tis not worth the ſerving: All thoſe who pretend to ſerve it, mean nothing but themſelves. But amongſt all things, how came you to make him a Fiddler, always Fluting or Scraping? I had as lieve hear a Jews-Harp.

Sir *Edw.*

Sir *Edw.* I love Muſick: Beſides I would have young Gentlemen have as many Helps to ſpend their Time alone as can be; moſt of our Youth are ruin'd by having Time lie heavy on their Hands, which makes them run into any baſe Company to ſhun themſelves.

Sir *Will.* And all this Gentleman's Education is come to Drinking, Whoring and Debauchery.

Enter Servant to Sir William.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Scrapeall* is at your Attorney's Chamber in the *Temple*, and deſires to diſcourſe you.

Sir *Will.* Brother, I muſt go: I ſhall tell you when I ſee you next, what is my Buſineſs with him.

Sir *Edw.* Be ſure to Dine with me.

Sir. *Will.* I will———

Enter Belfond *Senior*, Shamwell, Cheatly, Hackum, Lolpoop, French Valet, *two Footmen at the* George *in* White-Fryers.

Cheat. Now thou look'ſt like an Heir indeed, my Lad, when thou cam'ſt up thou hadſt the ſcurvy Phiz of a meer *Country Put*. He did thee a Kindneſs that took thee for a Chief Conſtable.

Sham. Now thou ſhineſt, Couſin, like a true *Belfond!* What 1000 *l.* a Year entailed, and live like a Butcher, or Grazier, in the Country?

Hack. Give you Joy, Noble Sir, now you look like a true Gallant Squire.

Lolp. Like a Squire, like a Puppy by the Maſs: Odsfleſh, what will the awd Man ſay; he'll be ſtark wood.

Belf. Sen. Well, I was the fortunat'ſt Man to light upon ſuch true, ſuch real Friends: I had never known any Breeding or Gentility without you.

Sham. You buried all your good Parts in a ſordid ſwiniſh Life in the North.

Belf. Sen. My Father kept me in Ignorance, and would have made a very ſilly Blockheadly *Put* of me: Why, I never heard Gentleman Banter, or cut a Sham in my Life, before I ſaw you, nor ever heard ſuch ingenious Diſcourſe.

Hack. Nay, the World knows Mr. *Cheatly* and Mr. *Shamwell*, are as compleat Gentleman as ever came within the *Fryers*: And yet we have as fine Gentlemen as any in *England*; we have thoſe here who have broke for a 100000 *l.*

Belf. Sen. Well, I proteſt and vow, I am ſo very fine, I do not know where to look upon my ſelf firſt: I don't think my Lord Mayor's Son is finer.

Cheat. He is a Scoundrel compar'd to thee: There's ne'er a *Prigg*, at Court out-ſhines thee. Thou ſhalt ſtrut in the *Park*, where Counteſſes ſhall be enamour'd on thee.

Belf. Sen.

Belf. Sen. I am overjoy'd: I can ſtand no Ground: My de
friend *Cheatly!* My ſweet Couſin *Shamwell!* Let me embra
ſuch dear, ſuch loving Friends: I could grow to you, methink
and ſtick here for ever. *They embra*

Lolp. Ah! Dear loving Dogs! They love him by'r Lady,
a Cat loves a Mauſe.

Belf. Sen. What's that you mutter, Sirrah? Come hithe
Sirrah! you are finer than any Squire in the Country.

Lolp. Pox of Finery, I ſay; yeow maken a meer Aſs, an O
o' mee: Here are Sleeves fit for nought but a Miller to ſteu
with when he takes Tole: and damn'd Cuffs here, one cann
dip ones Meat i'th' Sawce for them: Odsfleſh, give me my aw
Cloths again; would I were a whome in my Frock, dreſſing
my Geldings; poor *Titts*, they wanten me dearly, I warrant

Belf. Sen. Well, there's no making a Whiſtle of a Pigs Tai
This Puppy will never learn any breeding. Sirrah, behold me
here's Rigging for you; here's a *Nabb:* you never ſaw ſuch
one in your Life.

Cheat. A *rum Nab:* it is a Beaver of 5 *l.*

Belf. Sen. Look you there Blockhead.

Lolp. Look yeow there Blockhead, I ſay. *Aſi*

Hack. Let me ſee your *Porker:* Here's a *Porker*; here's a *Tilt*
Ha, ha, Oh how I could *whip a Prigſter through the Lungs*
Ha, ha. *Thruſts at* Lolpoop.

Cheat. It coſt ſixteen Louydors in *Paris.*

Hack. Ha, ha. *He puſhes towards* Lolpoop

Lolp. Hawd you, hawd you: And I tak kibbo, I'ſt raddle t
Bones o' thee, Iſe tell a that; for aw th'art a Captain mun.

Belf. Sen. Look Sirrah, here's a Show you Rogue: Here's
Sight of *Cole*, *Darby*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*, you Raſcal, ye
underſtand me not; you Loggerhead, you ſilly *Putt*, you u
derſtand me not: Here are *Meggs* and *Smelts:* I ne'er had ſuc
a Sight of my own in my Life. Here are more *Meggs* and *Smelt*
you Rogue; you underſtand me not.

Lolp. By'r Lady not I: I underſtand not this South-Count
Speech, not I.

Belf. Sen. Ah methinks I could tumble in 'em. But d'ye he
Putt, *Putt*, *Putt*, Sirrah. Here's a *Scout:* What's a Clock
What's a Clock, Sirrah. Here's a *Tatler*; Gold, all Gold, ye
Rogue. Look on my Finger, Sirrah; look here: Here's a *Fa*
ble, *Putt*, *Putt:* You don't know what a *Famble*, a *Scout* or
Tatler is, you *Putt.*

Lolp. Fine Sights for my awd Maſter! Marry wou'd I we
ſent from Conſtable to Conſtable, and whipt whome again by
Lady.

Belf. Se

Belf. Sen. Let's whet; bring ſome Wine: Come on; I love Whet. Pray let's huzza: I love huzzaing mightily. But ere's your Lady, Captain, and the *Blowing*, that is to be my *tural*, my *Convenient*, my *Pure*. (*Enter Servant with Bottles.*

Hack. They're juſt coming in. Come *Betty*.

Enter Mrs. Hackum *and Mrs.* Margaret.

Mrs. *Hack.* Come in Mrs. *Margaret*, come.

Marg. I am ſo aſham'd.

Belf. Sen. Madam, your Servant; I am very much oblig'd your Favours.

Mrs. *Hack.* I ſhall be proud to do a Gentleman, like you, y Service that lies in my Power, as a Gentlewoman.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord, Madam, your moſt humble Servant to mmand: My pretty *Blowing* let me kiſs thee: Thou ſhalt my *Natural*: I muſt manage thee. She is a *Pure Blowing*. y pretty Rogue— how happy ſhall I be? Pox o' the Country ay. Madam *Hackum*, to teſtify my Gratitude, I make bold to *uip* you with ſome *Meggs*, *Smelts*, *Decus* and *Georges*.

Mrs. *Hack.* I am your faithful Servant, and I ſhall be gla dof y Occaſion, whereby to expreſs how ready I am to ſerve any ntleman, or Perſon of Quality, as becomes a Gentlewoman; d upon honour Sir, you ſhall never find me tardy.

Cheat. Come on Sirrah, fill up all the Glaſſes; a Health to s pretty Lady.

Belf. Sen. Ay, and i'faith I'll drink it, pretty Rogue.

Sham. Let them be *Facers*.

Belf. Sen. *Facers!* What are thoſe? Nay, give the Lady and e Captain's Lady too.

Marg. No, I cannot drink, I am not dry.

Mrs. Hack. Give it me.

Sham. There's a *Facer* for you. *Drinks the Glaſs clear off, and puts it to his Face.*

Belf. Sen. Excellent adad! Come to our *Facers*. *All do the like.* is the prettieſt Way of Drinking: Fill again, we'll have more *cers.* *Fiddles flouriſh without.*

Boys! the Muſicians are come. Ha Boys, we'll ſing, dance, r, fling the Houſe out of the Windows; and I will *manage* pretty *Natural*, my *pure Blowing* here. Huzza: My dear ends, *Shamwell* and *Cheatly*, I'm tranſported! My pretty *tural*: Kiſs me, kiſs me. Huzza.

Marg. Nay puh, you do ſo ruffle ones Things.

Belf. Sen. I'll ruffle thee more, my little Rogue, before I have e with thee. Well I ſhall never make you amends, my r Friends. Sirrah, *Lolpoop*, is not this better than the Coun-, Sirrah? Give the Rogue a *Facer* to my Miſtreſs. Come,

fill

fill about the *Facers*. Come on, my Lads, ſtand to't. Huzza. I vow 'tis the prettieſt Way of Drinking, never ſtir!

Enter four Servants with four Diſhes of Meat, who croſs the Stage.

Cheat. So here's the *Prog*, here's the Dinner coming up; the Cloth's laid in the next Room: Here's a noble Dinner.

Belf. Sen. Ha Boys, we'll ſing and roar, and Huzza, like Devils.

Enter Sir William Belfond *at the Door.*

Ounds! Who's here? my Father! *Lolpoop, Lolpoop*, hide me; give me my *Joſeph*. Let's ſneak into the next Room.

Sham. Death! What ſhall we do? This is the Bully's Father.

Cheat. Let me alone: I warrant you.

Hack. This is the old Fellow I had like to have had a Rubbers with in the Morning.

Sir *Will.* Is he fallen into theſe Hands? Nay, then he's utterly loſt: His Eſtate is ſpent before he has it.

Cheat. How now *Prigg*, What makes you come into our Room?

Sir *Will.* I would ſpeak with Squire *Belfond.*

Cheat. Here's no ſuch Man.

Sir *Will.* Oh *Bully*, are you there? and my ungracious Kinſman too? Would you bring my Son to the Gallows! You moſt notorious Seducer of young Heirs, I know you too. I warrant you I'll keep my dear Boy in the Country far enough from your Clutches. In ſhort, I wou'd ſpeak with my Rebellious Town Son, who is here, and beſpoke this great Dinner.

Cheat. bantering. Why look you Sir, according to your Aſſertion of Things doubtful in themſelves; you muſt be forc'd to grant, that whatſoever may be, may alſo as well not be, in their own eſſential Differences and Degrees.

Sir *Will.* What Stuff's this? Where's my Son?

Cheat. Your Queſtion conſiſts of two Terms: the one *ubi* where: But of that I ſhall ſay nothing, becauſe here is no Son nor any thing belonging to you, to be the ſubject Matter of Debate, at this Time; foraſmuch as———

Sir *Will.* Do you hear me, Sir, let me ſee my Son; and offer to Banter me, or Sham me once more, and I will cut your Throat, and Cudgel your Brace of Cowards.

Cheat. Nay, then 'tis Time to take a Courſe with you. Help help; an Arreſt, an Arreſt; a Baily a Baily.

Hack. & Sham. An Arreſt, an Arreſt.

Sir *Will.* You Dogs? Am I a Baily?

Cheat. You ſhall be us'd like one, you old *Prigg*. An Arreſt!

Sir *Will.* Impudent Dogs! I muſt run, or I muſt be pull'd in Pieces. Help, an Arreſt, an Arreſt.

All cry out an Arreſt: Drawers, and ſome of the Rabble come in, and joyn with the Cry, which gets into the Street; there they cry out too; he joyns the Cry, and runs away: Cheat. Sham. Hack. *Drawers follow him, and cry out, ſtop, ſtop, a Baily.*

Cheat. Sham. Hack. in the Street. Stop, ſtop, a Baily, a Baily. Sir William *runs, the Rabble purſue him croſs the Stage.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Termagant *and her Brother.*

Term. AS I told you, I have had a Child by him; he is my Husband by Contract; and caſts me off; has diſhonour'd me, and made me infamous. Shall you think to rame and bully about the Town, and not vindicate the Honour f your Family?

Bro. No Man ſhall dare to diſhonour our Family.

Enter Belfond *Junior.*

Term. If you do not cut his Throat, you'll be kick'd up and own for a damn'd Coward; and beſides you ſhall never ſee a enny of mine more.

Bro. I'll fight him an he be above Ground.

Term. There, there's the Traytor, walking before his Uncle's Door: Be ſure diſpatch him; on, I'll withdraw. (*Exit.*

Bro. Do you hear Sir, do you know Mrs. *Termagant?*

Belf. Jun. What makes you ask ſuch a familiar Queſtion Sir?

Bro. I am her Brother.

Belf. Jun. Perhaps ſo: Well, I do; what then Sir?

Bro. Ours is as ancient a Family as any in *England*, tho' perhaps unfortunate at preſent: The *Termagants* came in with the *Conqueror.*

Belf. Jun. It may be ſo; I am no Herald.

Bro. And do you think you ſhall diſhonour this Family, and debauch my Siſter unchaſtiz'd? You are contracted to her, and have lain with her.

Belf. Jun. Look you Sir, I ſee what you would be at: She's mad, and puts you upon this: Let me adviſe you, 'tis a fooliſh Quarrel.

Bro. You debauch'd her, and have ruin'd her.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis false; the silliest coxcombly Beau in Tow had the first of her.

Bro. You have had a Child by her.

Belf. Jun. Then I have added one to your ancient Family tha came in with the *Normans*: Prithee do not provoke me to tak away one from it.

Bro. You are contracted to her; and if you will marry her will save your Life.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Lye; I am not contracted to her: Be gone urge me no more.

Bro. Draws.

Belf. Jun. Have at you. *Enter Sir* Edward Belfond

Sir *Edw.* Hold, hold: Oh my Son, Belf. *strikes up his Heels* my Son! What's the Matter, my dear *and disarms him* Son, art thou not hurt; let me see?

Belf. Jun. No Sir, not at all, dear Sir. Here take you Sword, and be gone; next Time you come to trouble me, I cut your Troat. *Exit Brothe*

Sir *Edw.* What's the Matter, dear *Ned?* This is about som Wench I warrant.

Belf. Jun. 'Tis a Brother of that furious Wench you saw Sir her violent Love is converted into Hatred.

Sir *Edw.* You young Fellows will never get Knowledge but your own Cost; the Precepts of the old weigh nothing with yo

Belf. Jun. Your Precepts have been ever sacred to me; and shall your Example be henceforward: You are the best of Me the best of Fathers; I have as much Honour for you as I can ha for human Nature; and I love you ten thousand Times abo my life.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Ned*, thou art the greatest Joy I have; an believe thy Father and thy Friend, there's nothing but Anxie in Vice: I am not streight Lac'd; but when I was young, I ne ver knew any Thing gotten by Wenching, but Duels, Claps, an Bastards; and every drunken Fit is a short Madness, that cuts a good Part of Life.

Belf. Jun. You have Reason Sir, and shall ever be my Orac hereafter.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis Time now to take up, and think of being som thing in the World: See then, my Son, tho' thou should'st n be over busie, to side with Parties and with Factions, yet th thou takest a Care to make some Figure in the World, and to sustain that Part thy Fortune, Nature, and thy Education fit thee fo

Belf. Jun. Your wise Advice I'll strive to follow; But I mu confess, I am most passionately in Love, and am with your Co sent, resolv'd to marry; tho' I'll perish ere I do't without it.

Sir *Edw.* Be sure to know the Humour of the Woman; y

run a mighty Hazard; but if you be valiant enough to venture, (which, I muſt confeſs, I never was.) I'll leave it to your own Choice; I know you have ſo much Honour, you will do nothing below your ſelf.

Belf. Jun. I doubt not of your Approbation; but till I can be ſure of obtaining her; Pardon me if I conceal her Name.

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir *Edw.* Your Father comes, retire a little within hearing till I ſoften him ſomewhat; he is much mov'd, as he always is, I think. (*He retires.*

Sir *Will.* Now Brother, as I was ſaying, I can convince you, your Son, your Darling, whom you long have foſter'd in his Wickedneſs, is become the moſt profligate of all Raſcals.

Sir *Edw.* Still upon this Subject.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis very well, my Mouth muſt be ſtopt, and your Ears; 'tis wondrous well. But I have had much ado to eſcape with Life, from him, and his notorious fellow Rogues: As I told you when I had found that the Rogue was with his wicked Aſſociates, at the *George* in *White-Fryers*; when they ſaw I was reſolv'd to ſee my Son, and was rough with 'em, *Cheatly* and his Rogues ſet up a Cry againſt me; An Arreſt! A Baily! An Arreſt! The Mobile, and all the Rakehells in the Houſe, and thereabout the Streets aſſembled: I run, and they had a fair Courſe after me into *Fleetſtreet*, thanks to the Vigour I have left, my Heels have ſav'd my Life; your infamous Rogue would have ſuffered me to have been ſacrific'd to the Rabble.

Sir *Edw.* Ha ha ha, very pretty i'faith; it runs very well: Can you tell it over again think you?

Sir *Will.* Ounds! Am I become your Scorn, your Laughter?

Sir *Edw. Ned*, You hear all this? (Belf. Jun. *appears.*

Belf. Jun. Yes, and am diſtracted to know the meaning of it.

Sir *Will.* Vile Parricide! Are you gotten here before me? You are monſtrous nimble Sir.

Belf. Jun. By all the Powers of Heaven! I never was at the *George* in my Life.

Sir *Will.* Oh then they ſtay for you, you have not yet been here; you'll loſe your Dinner, 'tis ſerv'd up—Vile Wretch.

Belf. Jun. All this is croſs Purpoſes to me: I came to my Uncle's Houſe from my own Lodgings immediately; when you were pleas'd to baniſh me your Preſence, and here have been ever ſince.

Sir *Will.* Nay, he that will be a thorough Villain, muſt be a compleat Lyar: Were not you even now with your aſſociate Raſcals at the *George*?

Belf. Jun. No, by Heaven! Nor was I ever in the Company of any of that Gang; I know their Infamy too well, to be acquainted with their Perſons.

Sir *Will.* I am not drunk, nor mad; but you will make me one of 'em.

Belf. Jun. Theſe Raſcals have gotten ſome Body to perſonate me, and are undoubtedly carrying on ſome Cheat in my Name.

Sir *Edw.* Brother it muſt be.

Sir *Will.* Yes yes, no doubt it muſt be ſo: And I muſt be in a Dream all this while, I muſt!

Sir *Edw.* You ſay your ſelf you did not ſee my Son there?

Sir *Will.* No, he was too nimble for me, and got out ſome back Way, to be here before me; ſo to face down the Truth.

Belf. Jun. I'll inſtantly go thither, and diſcover this Impoſture, that I may no longer ſuffer for the Faults of others.

Sir *Edw.* Dine firſt; my Dinner's ready.

Belf. Jun. Your Pardon Sir, I will go inſtantly; I cannot reſt till I have done my ſelf right.

Sir *Edw.* Let's in, and diſcourſe of this Matter: Brother I muſt ſay this, I never took him in a Lye ſince he could ſpeak.

Sir *Will.* Took him; no nor ne'er will take him in any Thing.

Sir *Edw.* Let's in—and ſend your own Man with him.

Sir *Will.* It ſhall be ſo, tho' I am convinc'd already. Is there any of the Name but you, and I, and my two Sons in *England*?

Belf. Jun. Be pleas'd to ſend my Footmen out to me, Sir.

Sir *Edw.* Have a Care of a Quarrel, and bringing the *Alſatians* about your Ears. Come Brother. (*Ex* Sir *Edw. and* Sir *Will.*

Enter Lucia *running*, Termagant *purſuing her.*

Luc. Help, help, help.

Term. Now I have found you, you little Whore—I'll make you an Example.

Luc. Oh Lord, Are you here! Save me, ſave me, this barbarous Woman threatens to murder me for your Sake.

Belf. Jun. Save thee, dear Miſs; that I would at the Peril of my Life; no Danger ſhou'd make me quit thee, Cannons, no Bombs.

Term. Damn'd falſe Fellow: I'll take a Time to ſlit her Noſe.

Luc. Oh Heaven! She'll kill me.

Belf. Jun. Thou Devil! In thy propereſt Shape of furious, and malicious Woman; reſolve to leave off this Courſe this Moment, or by Heaven I'll lay thee faſt in *Bedlam*: Had'ſt thou fifty Brothers, I'd fight 'em all, in Defence of this dear pretty Miſs.

Luc. Dear kind Creature! This ſweet Love of thine, methinks does make me valiant, and I fear her not ſo much.

Enter Roger, *and his two Footmen.*

Belf. Jun. Dear pretty Miſs, I'll be thy ſafeguard.

Term. Thou falſeſt, baſeſt of thy Sex: Look to ſee thy Chairſent thee in Pieces, bak'd in a Pye; for ſo I will.

Belf. Jun. Tho' thou hat'ſt every Thing living beſides thy ſelf,

yet thou haſt too much Tenderneſs for thy own Perſon to bring it to the Gallows: Offer to follow us one Step, and I'll ſet the Rabble upon thee: Come my dear Child. (*Exeunt.*

Term. Thou ſhalt be dogg'd; and I'll know who ſhe is. Oh Revenge! Revenge! If thou doſt not exceed thou equall'ſt all the Extaſies of Love. (*Exit.* Term.

Enter Cheatly, *and* Shamwell.

Cheat. Thus far our Matters go ſwimmingly: Our Squire is as debauch'd, and prodigal, as we can wiſh.

Sham. I told you, all *England* could not afford an Heir like this for our Purpoſe, but we muſt keep him always hot.

Cheat. That will be eaſie; we made him ſo deviliſh drunk the firſt two or three Days, the leaſt Bumper will warm his addle Head afreſh at any Time: He paid a great Fine; and may ſit at a little Rent: I muſt be gone for a Moment; our *Suffolk* Heir is nabb'd, for a ſmall Buſineſs; and I muſt find him ſome ſham Bail: See the Captain performs his Charge. (*Exit.*

Enter Hackum.

Sham. Here he comes. See Captain you make that Blockhead drunk, and do as we directed.

Hack. He's almoſt drunk, and we are in Readineſs for him; the Squire is retir'd with his Natural, ſo fond.

Sham. 'Tis well, about your Buſineſs; I'll be with you ſoon.

Enter Lolpoop. (*Exit. Sham.*

Hack. Come on, Mr. *Lolpoop*, you and I'll be merry by our ſelves.

Lol. I muſt needs ſay Captain, yeow are a civil Gentleman, but yeow han given me ſo many Bumpers, I am meet drunken already.

Hack. Come on, I warrant you; here's a Bumper to the Squire's Lady.

Lol. With all my Heart. *Enter* Betty.

Hack. Oh Mrs. *Betty*, art thou come? I ſent for this pretty Rogue to keep you Company; ſhe's as pretty a Company-keeper as any's in the *Friers*.

Lol. Ods-fleſh, what ſhould I do in Company with Gentlewomen; 'tis not for ſuch Fellees as I.

Hack. Have Courage Man; you ſhall have her, and never want ſuch a one while I am your Friend.

Lol. O Lord I! Don yeow know what yeow ſaen.

Bet. A proper, handſome Gentleman I ſwear.

Lol. Who I, no, no: Wat done yeow mean forſooth?

Bet. I vow I have not ſeen a handſomer; ſo proper, ſo well ſhap'd!

Oh Lord, I! I! Yeow jeern me naw.

Hack. Why don't you ſalute her, Man?

ol. Who I? By the Maſs I dare not be ſo bold: What I

kiſs ſuch a fine Gentlewoman?

Hack. Kiſs, kiſs her Man: This Town affords us ſuch every where: You'll hate the Country when you ſee a little more: Kiſs her I ſay.

Lol. I am ſo, ha la; I am aſham'd.

Bet. What muſt I do it to you then?

Lol. Oh rare! Byth' Maſs whoo kiſſes daintily; and whoo has a Breath like a Caw.

Hack. Come, t'other Bumper; to her Health let this be: Here's to you.

Lol. Thanka forſooth and yeow pleaſen. (*drinks to her.*

Bet. Yes, any thing that you do will pleaſe me.

Lol. Capt. Capt. what done yeow leave me? (Hack. *ſteals out*

Bet. What are you afraid of me? *and leaves them together.*

Lol. Nay, By'r Lady; I am aſham'd, who's farincly a pratty Laſs! Marry.

Bet. A handſom Man, and aſham'd! (*She edges nearer to him.*

Lol. Who I a handſome Mon! Nay, nay.

Bet. A lovely Man, I vow; I cannot forbear kiſſing you.

Lol. O dear, 'tis your Goodneſs: Ods-fleſh, whoo Loves me! who'll make me ſtark wood e'en naw: An yeow kiſſen me, by'r Lady I's kiſs yeow.

Bet. What care I.

Lol. Looka there naw! Waunds, whoo's a dainty Laſs, pure white and red; and moſt of the *London* Laſſes are pure white and red: Welly aw alike; an I had her in ſome Nook. Odſ-fleſh, I ſay no more.

Bet. I'll ſtay no longer, farewel. (*She retires.*

Lol. Nay, I's not leave a ſoo: Marry whoo's a gallant Laſs. (*Exit following her.*

Enter Hackum.

Hack. So, he's caught; this will take him off from teazing his Maſter with his damn'd good Counſel.

Enter Cheatly, *and* Shamwell.

Cheat. I have ſent our *Alſatian* Attorny, and as ſubſtantial Bail as can be wiſh'd, for the Redemption of our *Suffolk* Caravan; he's ripe for another Judgment, he begins to want the Ready much.

Sham. Scrapeall is provided for him: How now Captain, what's become of your Blockhead?

Hack. He's nibling at the Bait: He'll ſwallow preſently.

Cheat. But hark you, *Shamwell*; I have choſen the ſubtleſt and handſomeſt Wench about this Town for the great Fortune I intend to beſtow this hopeful Kinſman of yours upon: 'Tis Mrs. *Termagant*, his Brothers Caſt Miſtreſs, who reſents her being left to that Degree, that tho' ſhe meditates all the Revenge, beſides, that Woman's Nature is capable of againſt him: Yet her Heart

leapt

leapt for Joy at this Design of marrying his elder Brother; if it were for nothing but to plague the younger, and take place of his Wife.

Sham. I have seen her: She will personate a Town Lady of Quality admirably, and be as haughty aud Impertinent as the best of 'em: Is the Lodging, and Plate, and Things ready for her?

Cheat. It is, she comes there this Afternoon; she's set her Hand to a good swinging Judgment; and thou and I will divide my Lad: And now all we have to do, is to preserve him to our selves from any other Correspondence, and at down right Enmity with his Father, and Brother; and we must keep him continually hot, as they do a Glass-House, or our work will go backward.

Enter Belfond Senior, *Mrs* Margaret, *Mrs.* Hackum, *and his Servants.*

Belf. Sen. Oh my dear Friend and Cousin, tread upon my Neck, make me your Footstool, you have made me a happy Man to know Plenty and Pleasure, good Company, good Wine, Musick, fine Woman: Mrs. *Hackum* and I have been at Bumpers hand to fist: Here's my pretty Natural, my dear pretty Rogue; addad, she's a rare Creature, a delicious Creature! And between you and I, dear Friend, she has all her Goings as well as e'er a Blowing in *Christendom*: Dear Madam *Hackum*, I am infinitely oblig'd to you.

Mrs. *Hack.* I am glad Sir she gives your Worship Content, Sir.

Belf. Sen. Content; ah my pretty Rogue! Pox o'the Country I say; Capt. Capt. here, let me equip you with a Quid.

Hack. Noble Squire, I am your Spaniel-Dog.

Belf. Sen. Pox o'the Country I say; the best Team of Horses my Father has, shall not draw me thither agen.

Sham. Be firm to your Resolution, and thou'lt be happy.

Cheat. If you meet either your Father, or Brother, or any from those Prigsters, stick up thy Countenance, or thou art ruin'd, my Son of Promise, my brisk Lad in remainder, when one of 'em approaches thee, we'll all pull down our Hats, and cry bow wow.

Belf. Sen. I warrant you; I am harden'd, I knew my Brother in the Country, but they shant sham me, they shall find me a moaky Thief: I vow 'twill be a very pretty Way: Bow wow, warrant thee I'll do'et.

Enter Belfond Junior, *two Footmen, and* Roger.

Sham. Who the Devil's here! Your Brother, Courage.

Cheat. Courage, be rough and haughty my Bumpkin.

Belf. Sen. Hey, where are all my Servants? Call 'em in. (*Capt. calls 'em.*

Belf. Jun. Who is that in this House here, who usurps my Name, and is call'd Squire *Belfond*?

Belf. Sen. One who is call'd so without usurping. Bow wow.

Belf.

Belf. Jun. Brother, Death do I dream! Can I truſt my Senſes! Is this my Brother?

Belf. Sen. Ay, ay, I know I am tranſmography'd; but I am your very Brother, *Ned.*

Belf. Jun. Could you be ſo unkind, to come to Town, and not ſee your neareſt Kindred, your Uncle, and my ſelf?

Belf. Sen. I would not come to diſgrace you, till my Equipage was all ready. Hey, *La Marr*, is my Coach at the Gate next to the Green-Dragon?

Valet. Ouy Monſieur.

Belf. Sen. But I was reſolv'd to give you a Viſit to morrow Morning.

Belf. Jun. I ſhould have been glad to have ſeen you any where but here.

Belf. Sen. But here! Why 'tis as good a Tavern as any's in Town. Sirrah fill ſome Bumpers: Here Brother, here's a *Facer* to you: We'll Huzza; call in the Fidlers.

Belf. Jun. I am ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment: Not all *Ovid's Metamorphoſis* can ſhew ſuch a one as this.

Belf. Sen. I ſee you wonder at my Change: What would you never have a Man learn Breeding adad? Should I always be kept a country *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, a *meer Putt*. I am brave and bowſy.

Belf. Jun. S'life! He has got the Cant too.

Belf. Sen. I ſhall be clear by and by: T'other Bumper Brother.

Belf. Jun. No, I'll drink no more; I hate drinking between Meals.

Belf. Sen. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Hate drinking between Meals! What Compeny do you keep? But 'tis all one. Here Brother, pray ſalute this pretty Rogue: I *manage* her, ſhe is my *Natural*, my pure *Blowing*: I am reſolv'd to be like a Gentleman and keep, Brother.

Belf. Jun. A thorough-pac'd *White-Friers* Man! (*Aſide.*
I never refuſe to kiſs a pretty Woman. (*Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. This is Mrs. *Hackum*; I am much oblig'd to her; pray ſalute her.

Belf. Jun. What a Pox! Will he make me kiſs the Bawd too. (*Salutes her.*

Belf. Sen. Brother now pray know theſe Gentlemen here; they are the prettieſt Wits that are in Town; and between you and I Brother, brave gallant Fellows, and the beſt Friends I ever had in my Life: This is Mr. *Cheatly*, and this my Couſin *Shamwell.*

Belf. Jun. I know 'em, and am acquainted with their Worth.

Cheat. Your humble Servant ſweet Sir.

Sham. Your Servant Couſin.

Belf. Sen. And this is my dear Friend Captain *Hackum*; There

is not a braver Fellow under the Sun.

Belf. Jun. By Heaven, a down-right Alſatian!

Belf. Sen. Come Muſicians, ſtrike up; and ſing the Catch the Captain gave you, and we'll all joyn I'faith. We can be merry Brother, and we can roar.

Hack. 'Tis a very pretty magnanimous military Buſineſs upon the Victory in *Hungary*.

Hark, how the Duke of Lorrain *comes,*
The brave victorious Soul of War;
With Trumpets and with Kettle-Drums,
Like Thunder rolling from afar.

On the Left Wing the conquering Horſe
The brave Bavarian *Duke does lead;*
Theſe Heroes with united Force,
Fill all the Turkiſh *Hoſt with Dread.*

Their bright Capariſons behold;
Rich Habits, Streamers, ſhining Arms,
The glittering Steel and burniſht Gold;
The Pomp of War with all its Charms.

With ſolemn March, and fatal Pace,
They bravely on the Foe preſs on:
The Cannons roar, the Shot take Place,
Whilſt Smoke and Duſt obſcure the Sun.

The Horſes neigh the Soldiers ſhout,
And now the furious Bodies joyn,
The Slaughter rages all about,
And Men in Groans their Blood reſign.

The Weapons claſh, the roaring Drum,
With Clanger of the Trumpets ſound,
The Howls and Yells of Men o'ercome,
And from the neighbouring Hills rebound.

Now, now the Infidels give place,
Then all in Routs they headlong fly,
Heroes in Duſt purſue the Chace,
While deafning Clamors rend the Sky.

Belf. Sen. You ſee Brother what Company I keep: What's the Matter you are melancholly.

Belf. Jun. I am not a little troubled Brother, to find you in ſuch curſed Company.

Belf. Sen. Hold Brother. if you love your Life; they are all ſtout: But that ſame Captain has kill'd his five Men.

Belf. Jun. Stout ſay you? This Fellow *Cheatly* is the moſt notorious

torious Rascal and Cheat that ever was out of a Dungeon: This Kinsman a most silly Bubble first, and afterwards a Betrayer of young Heirs, of which they have not ruin'd less than two Hundred, and made 'em run out their Estates before they came to 'em.

Belf. Sen. Brother, do you love your Life? The Captain's a Lyon!

Belf. Jun. An Ass, is he not? He is a Ruffian, and Cock-bawd to that Hen.

Cheat. If you were not the Brother to my dearest Friend, I know what my Honour would prompt me to. (*Walks in a Huff.*

Sham. My dear Cousin, thou shalt now find how entirely I am thine: My Honour will not let me strike thy Brother.

Hack. But that the Punctilio's of Honour are sacred to me; which tell me nothing can provoke me against the Brother of my noble Friend, I had *whipt him through the Lungs* ere this.

Belf. Sen. Well, never Man met with such true such loving Friends.

Belf. Jun. Look you Brother, will this convince you, that you are fallen into the Hands of Fools, Knaves, Scoundrels and Cowards.

Belf. Sen. Fools! Nay there I am sure you are out; they are all deep, they are very deep and sharp, sharp as Needles, adad; the wittiest Men in *England.* Here's Mr. *Cheatly* in the first Place shall sham and banter with you or any one you will bring for 500*l.* of my Money.

Belf. Jun. Rascally Stuff, fit for no Places but *Ram-alley*, or *Pye-corner.*

Belf. Sen. Perswade me to that; they are the merriest Companions, and the truest Friends to me: 'Tis well for yon adad that they are so; for they are all of 'em as stout as *Hector.*

Belf. Jun. This is most amazing.

Sham. Did I not tell you he would envy your Condition; and be very angry with us that put you into't

Cheat. He must needs be a kind Brother: We prove our selves your true Friends, and have that Respect for your Blood, that we will let none of it out, where-e'er we meet it upon any Cause.

Belf. Sen. You see Brother how their Love prevails over their Valour.

Belf. Jun. Their Valour! Look you Brother, (*Kicks* Cheat *and* Sham) here's Valour.

Cheat. I understand Honour and Breeding, besides I have been let Blood to day.

Sham. Nothing shall make me transgress the Rules of Honour I say.

Belf. Jun. Here, where are you, (*Takes* Hackum *by the Nose, and leads him*) Sirrah Kill-Cow

Hack.

Hack. 'Tis no matter; I know Honour: I know Punctilio's to a Hair. You owe your Life to your Brother; beſides, I am to be ſecond to a dear Friend, and preſerve my Vigour for his Service: but for all that were he not your Brother——

Belf. Jun. Will not this convince you, Brother, of their Cowardice?

Belf. Sen. No, I think not; for I am ſure they are Valiant; this convinces me of their Reſpect and Friendſhip to me: My beſt Friends, let me embrace you: a thouſand thanks to you.

Belf. Jun. I will redeem him yet from theſe Raſcals if I can: You are upon the Brink of Ruine, if you go not off with me, and reconcile your ſelf to my Father; I'll undertake it upon good Terms.

Belf. Sen. No, I thank you: I'll ſee no Father; he ſhall uſe me no more like a Dog: he ſhall put upon me no longer. Look you Sir, I have *Ready*, *Rhino*, *Cole*, *Darby*; look here Sir!

Belf. Jun. Dear Brother, let me perſwade you to go along with me.

Belf. Sen. You love me! and uſe my beſt Friends thus? ne'er Sir, I deſire none of your Company: I'll ſtick to my Friends: look upon what you have done as an Affront to me.

Hack. No doubt it is ſo.

Sham. That's moſt certain; you are in the right, Couſin.

Cheat. We love you but too well, that angers him.

Belf. Jun. Well, I ſhall take my leave: You are in your Cups: you will wiſh you had heard me. Rogues, I ſhall take a Courſe with you.

Belf. Sen. Rogues! They ſcorn your Words.

Belf. Jun. Fare you well.

Belf. Sen. Fare you well Sir, and you be at that Sport.

Belf. Jun. *Roger*, do not diſcover him to my Father yet; I'll talk with him cool in a Morning firſt; perhaps I may redeem him.

Roger. I'll do as you'll have me. *Ex.* Belf. *Jun.* Roger & 2 *Foot.*

Belf. Sen. So now we are free. Dear Friends, I never can be grateful enough: But 'tis late, I muſt ſhew my new Coach: Some Ladies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Attorney and Lucia.

Attor. How now, Daughter *Lucia*, where haſt thou been?

Luc. I have been at Evening Prayers at St. *Bride's*, and am coming Home through the *Temple.*

Attor. Thou art my good Girl. *Enter Mrs.* Termagant.

Luc. Oh Heaven! Who's here!

Attor. What's the Matter?

Luc. I am taken all on the ſudden: I'll run Home.

Term. Stay, ſtay; thou wicked Author of my Misfortune.

Attr.

Attor. How's this? Stay *Lucia!* What mean you Madam? The Girl's ſtrangely diſorder'd.

Luc. Oh Heaven! I am utterly ruin'd, beyond Redemption.

Term. Is ſhe your Daughter, Sir?

Attor. She is.

Term. Then hear my Story: I am contracted with all the Solemnity that can be to Mr. *Belfond*, the Merchant's Son; and for this wicked Girl he has lately caſt me off: And this Morning I went to his Lodging, to enquire a Reaſon of his late Carriage to me; I found there in his Cloſet this young ſhameleſs Creature who had been in Bed with him.

Attor. Oh Heaven and Earth! Is this true, Huſwife?

Luc. Oh Lord I: I never ſaw the Gentleman nor her in my Life: Oh ſhe's a Confident Thing!

Term. May all the Judgments due to Perjury fall on me, if this be not true: I tore her by the Hair, and pomell'd her to ſome Tune; 'till that inhumane Wretch, *Belfond*, turn'd me out of Doors, and ſent her away in a Chair.

Luc. O wicked Creature! Are you not afraid the Earth ſhould open and ſwallow you up? As I hope to be ſav'd I never ſaw her?

Term. Tho' young in Years, yet old in Impudence; did I not purſue thee ſince in the Street, 'till you run into *Belfond*'s Arms juſt before his Father's Houſe? Or I had mark'd thee for a young Whore.

Luc. As I hope to live Sir, 'tis all falſe; every Word and Title of it: I know not what ſhe means.

Attor. Have I beſtow'd ſo much, and taken ſo much Care in Education, to have no other Fruit but this?

Luc. Oh Lord, Sir! Why will you believe this wicked Woman?

Attor. No, young Impudence! I believe you: What made you ready to Swoon at the Sight of this Lady, but your Guilt.

Luc. She miſtakes me for ſome other, as ſhe did to Day when ſhe purſu'd me to have kill'd me; which made me tremble at the Sight of her now.

Attor. And yet you never ſaw her before! I am convinc'd. Go, wicked Wretch, go Home: This News will kill thy Mother: I'll to my Chamber, and follow thee.

Luc. But if I ever ſee her, or you either, to be lock'd from my dear *Belfond:* I ſhall deſerve whatever you can do to me. *Exit.*

Attor. Madam, I beſeech you make as few Words as you can of this.

Term. I had much rather for my own Honour have conceal'd it. But I ſhall ſay no more, provided you will keep her from him.

Attor. I warrant you, Madam, I'll take a Courſe with her. Your Servant. *Exit.*

Enter Cheatly.

Cheat. Madam, your moſt humble Servant: You ſee I am punctual to my Word.

Term. You are, Sir.

Cheat. Come Madam, your Lodging, Furniture, and every thing are ready, let's looſe no Time: I'll wait on you thither, where we will conſult about our Affairs.

Term. Come on: It is a rare Deſign; and if it ſucceds, I ſhall ſufficiently be reveng'd on my Ungrateful Devil.

Cheat. I'll warrant thee Succeſs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Tireſia.

Iſab. We muſt be very careful of this Book: My Uncle, or our Dame Governante will burn it if they find it.

Tereſ. We cannot have a pleaſant, or a Witty Book, but they ſerve it ſo: My Father loads us with Books, ſuch as the Tryal of Man, in the Iſle of *Man*, or *Man-ſhire*: A Treatiſe on Sabbath-Breakers: And health out-drinking, or Life out-healthing Wretches: A Cauſtick, or Corroſive, for a Sear'd Conſcience.

Iſab. A Soveraign Oyntment for a Wounded Soul: A Cordial for a ſick Sinner; The Nothingneſs of good Works; Waxed Boot Grace, for the *Suſſex* ways of Affliction; and a deal of ſuch ſtuff; But all Novels, Romances, or Poetry, except *Quarles* and *Withers*, are an Abomination. Well, this is a Jewel; if we can keep it. *Enter* Ruth *behind them.*

Anger in haſty Words or Blows,
It ſelf diſcharges on our Foes;
And Sorrow too, finds ſome Relief
In Tears, which wait upon our grief:
Thus every Paſſion, but fond Love.
Unto its own Redreſs does move.

Tereſ. 'Tis ſweet Poetry; There is a pleaſing Charm in all he writes. *She ſnatches the Book.*

Ruth. Yea there is a Charm of Satan's in it; 'Tis Vanity and Darkneſs, this Book hateth, and is contrary to the Light; and we hate the Light.

Iſab. That's much and this Evening a little before Night, thou blameſt us for looking out of the Window, and threaten'd to ſhut the painted Shaſhes.

Tere. Now if thou ſhut'ſt thoſe; thou hateſt the Light and not we.

Ruth. Look thee *Tereſia*, thou art wanton, and ſo is thy Couſin *Iſabella*; ye ſeek Temptation; you look out of the Caſement to pick and cull young Men, whereby to feed the Luſt of the Eye: Ye may not do it. And look thee *Iſbel*, and *Tereſia*, if you open the Caſemenrs once more, I will place ye in the back Rooms, and lock the fore Rooms up.

Tere.

Tere. We will obey thee *Ruth.*

Iſab. We will not reſiſt thy Power: But prithee leave us that Book.

Ruth. No, it is wanton, and treateth of Love: I will inſtantly commit it to the Flames. (*Exit.*

Iſab. Shame on this old Wall-ey'd Hypocrite: She is the ſtricteſt ſort of Goaler.

Tere. We are as narrowly look'd to, as if we had been clapt up for Treaſon; we are kept from Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Iſab. Well it is a moſt painful Life to diſſemble conſtantly.

Tere. 'Tis well we are often alone, to unbend to one another, one had as good be a Player, and act continually elſe.

Iſab. I can never perſwade my ſelf that Religion can conſiſt in ſcurvy out of faſhion Cloaths, ſtiff conſtrain'd Behaviour, and ſowre Countenances.

Tere. A triſtful Aſpect, looking always upon ones Noſe, with a Face full of Spiritual Pride.

Iſab. And when one walks abroad, not to turn ones Head to the right or left, but hold it ſtrait forward, like an Old blind Mare.

Tere. True Religion muſt make one chearful, and affect one with the moſt raviſhing Joy which muſt appear in the Face too.

Iſab. My good Mother had the Government, and brought me up to better Things, as thy good Aunt did thee.

Tere. But we can make no uſe of our Education under this Tyranny.

Iſab. If we ſhould ſing or dance, 'twere worſe than Murder.

Tere. But of all Things, why do they make ſuch a ſtir to keep us from the Converſation of Mankind? Sure there muſt be more in it then we can imagine; and that makes one have more Mind to try.

Iſab. Thou haſt been ſo unquiet in the Sleep of late, and ſo given to ſigh, and get alone when thou art awake: I fancy thou doſt imagine ſomewhat of it.

Tere. Ah Rogue, and I have obſerv'd the ſame in thee; Canſt thou not gueſs at Love? Come, confeſs, and I'll tell all.

Iſab. Sometimes in my Dreams, methinks I am in love, then a certain Youth comes to me, and I grow chill, and pant, and feel a little Pain; but 'tis the prettieſt Thing methinks: And then I wake and bluſh, and am afraid.

Tere. Very pretty: And when I am awake, when I ſee one Gentleman, methinks I could look through him: And my Heart beats, beats like the Drums in the Camp.

Iſab. I dare not ask who it is, for fear it ſhould be my Man, for there are two come often to our Church, that ſtare at us continually, and one of them is he.

Tere. I have obſerv'd 'em; one who ſate by us at Church knew 'em by their Names: I am for one of 'em too.

Iſab. I well remember it.

Tere. If it be any Man thou lik'ſt, I'll kill thee.

Iſab. And if thou lov'ſt my Man, we muſt not live together.

Tere. Name him. *Iſab.* Do thou name firſt.

Tere. Let's write their Names. *They write their Papers,*

Iſab. Agree: We have each a Black-Lead Pen. *and give 'em to one another, at which they both ſpeak together and ſtart.*

Tere. Truman, Mercy on me.

Iſab. Belfond, Oh Heaven's!

Tere. What's this I ſee! Would I were blind.

Iſab. Oh my *Tereſia!*

Tere. Get thee from me.

Iſab. 'Tis as it ſhould be; I wrote the wrong Name, on purpoſe to diſcover who was your Man more clearly; the other's my Beloved. *Belfond*'s my Heart's Delight.

Tere. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Girl! good Wits jump. I had the ſame Thought with thee. Now 'tis out, *Truman* for me; and methinks they keep ſuch a ſtaring at us, if we contrive to meet 'em, we need not deſpair.

Iſab. Nay, they come not for Devotion, that's certain; I ſee that in their Eyes: Oh that they were ordain'd to free us from this odious Goal.

Enter Ruth, *and* Truman *diſguis'd.*

Ruth. Go into your Chamber; here is a Man cometh about Buſineſs: You may not ſee him.

Tere. We go: Come Couſin.

Ruth. Come Friend, let us retire alſo. (*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Belfond *Junior, and* Lucia.

Luc. I Never more muſt ſee the Face of a Relation.

Belf. Jun. I warrant thee my pretty Rogue, I'll put thee into that Condition the beſt of all thy Kindred ſhall viſit thee, and make their Court to thee; thou ſhalt ſpark it in the Boxes, ſhine in the Park, and make all the young Fellows in the Town run mad for thee: Thou ſhalt never want, while I have any thing.

Luc. I cou'd abandon all the World for thee; if I cou'd think

that thou wouldſt love me always.

Belf. Jun. Thou haſt ſo kindly oblig'd me, I ſhall never ceaſe to love thee.

Luc. Pray Heaven I do not repent of it: You were kind to Mrs. *Termagant*; and ſure it muſt be ſome barbarous Uſage, which thus provokes her now to all this Malice.

Belf. Jun. She was debauch'd by the moſt nauſeous Coxcomb, the moſt ſilly Beau and Shape about the Town; and had cuckolded him with ſeveral before I had her: She was indeed handſome, but the moſt froward, ill-natur'd Creature, always murmuring or ſcolding, perpetually jealous and exceptious, ever thinking to work her Ends by hectoring and daring.

Luc. Indeed! Was ſhe ſuch a one? I am ſure you were the firſt that ever had my Heart, and you ſhall be the laſt.

Belf. Jun. My Dear, I know I had thy Virgin Heart, and I'll preſerve it. But for her, her moſt diverting Minutes were unpleaſant: Yet for all her Malice which you ſee, I ſtill maintain her.

Luc. Ungrateful Creature! She is indeed a Fury. Should'ſt thou once take thy Love from me, I never ſhou'd uſe ſuch Ways; I ſilently ſhou'd mourn and pine away, but never think of once offending thee.

Belf. Jun. Thou art the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, ſofteſt Creature! And all the tendereſt Joys that wait on Love are ever with thee.

Luc. Oh, this is charming Kindneſs! May all the Joys on Earth be ſtill with thee.

Belf. Jun. (*Aſide.*) Now here's a Miſchief on the other Side; for how can a good natur'd Man think of ever quitting ſo tender, and ſo kind a Miſtreſs, whom no Reſpect, but Love has thrown into my Arms: And yet I muſt; but I will better her Condition. Oh, how does my Friend? *Enter* Truman.

Luc. Oh Lord! Who's here?

Belf. Jun. My Dear, go to the Lodging I have prepar'd for thee, thou wilt be ſafe, and I'll wait on thee ſoon. Who's there?

Enter Servants.

Do you wait on this Ladies Chair, you know whither.

Tru. Thou art a pretty Fellow, *Belfond*, to take thy Pleaſure thus, and put thy Friend upon the damnedſt Drudgery.

Belf. Jun. What Drudgery? A little diſſembling.

Tru. Why, That were bad enough to diſſemble my ſelf an Aſs but to diſſemble Love, nay Luſt, is the moſt irkſome Task a Man can undergo.

Belf. Jun. But prithee come to the Point: In ſhort, have we any Hopes?

Tru. 'Tis done, the Buſineſs is done: Whip on your Habit, make no Words.

Belf

Belf. Jun. I'll put it on in my Dreſſing-room. This News tranſports me.

Tru. If you had undergone what I have done, 'twould have humbled you: I have enjoy'd a Lady; but I had as leive have had a *Lancaſhire* Witch, juſt after ſhe had alighted from a Broomſtaff: I have been uncivil, and enjoy'd the Governante in moſt lewd dalliance.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a brave Fellow, and makeſt nothing of it.

Tru. Nothing! S'death, I had rather have ſtorm'd a *Half-Moon*: I had more Pleaſure at the Battle of *Mons*.

Belf. Jun. But haſt thou done our Work as well as hers?

Tru. I have; for after the Enjoyment of her Perſon had led me into ſome Familiarity with her, I propos'd, ſhe accepted, for ſhe is covetous as well as amorous; and ſhe has ſo far wrought for us, that we ſhall have an Interview with our Miſtreſſes; whom, ſhe ſays, we ſhall find very inclinable; and ſhe has promis'd this Night to deliver 'em into our Hands.

Belf. Jun. Thou art a rare Friend to me, and to thy ſelf. Now farewel all the Vanity of this lewd Town, at once I quit you all. Dear Rogue, let's in.

Tru. Come in, in and dreſs in your Habit. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William, Sir Edward *and* Scrapeall.

Scrape. Look ye Sir *William*, I am glad you like my Neece; and I hope alſo, that ſhe may look lovely in your Son's Eyes.

Sir *Edw.* No doubt but he will be extremely taken with her: indeed both ſhe and your Daughter are very beautiful.

Sir *Will.* He like her! What's matter whether he like her or no? Is it not enough for him, that I do? Is a Son, a Boy, a Jackanapes, to have a Will of his own? That were to have him be the Father, and I the Son. But indeed they are both very handſome.

Scrape. Let me tell you both, Sir *William*, and Sir *Edward*, Beauty is but Vanity, a meer nothing; but they have that which will never fade, they have Grace.

Sir *Edw.* They look like pretty ſpirited witty Girls. (*Aſide.*

Scrape. I am ſorry I muſt leave thee ſo ſoon; I thought to have bidden thee to Dinner, but I am to pay down a ſum of Money upon a Mortgage this Afternoon: Farewel.

Sir *Will.* Farewel Mr. *Scrapeall.*

Sir *Edw.* Pray meet my Brother at my Houſe at Dinner.

Scrape. Thank you Sir *Edward*, I know not but I may.

Sir *Edw.* The Perſon of this Girl is well choſen for your Son, ſhe were not ſo preciſe and pure.

Sir *Will.* Prithee, what matter what ſhe is, has not ſhe fifteen Thouſand Pounds clear?

Sir *Edw.* For a Husband to differ in Religion from a Wife.

Sir *Will.* What, with fifteen thouſand Pound?

Sir *Edw.* A preciſe Wife will think her ſelf ſo pure, ſhe will be apt to contemn her Husband.

Sir *Will.* Ay, But fifteen thouſand Pound, Brother.

Sir *Edw.* You know how intractable miſguided Zeal and ſpiritual Pride are.

Sir *Will.* What with fifteen thouſand Pound!

Sir *Edw.* I wou'd not willingly my Son ſhou'd have her.

Sir *Will.* Not with fifteen thouſand Pound?

Sir *Edw.* I ſee there's no Anſwer to be given to fifteen thouſand Pound.

Sir *Will.* A Pox o'this Godly-knave, it ſhou'd have been Twenty.

Sir *Edw.* Nor wou'd I buy a Wife for my Son.

Sir *Will.* Not if you cou'd have her a good Penniworth: Your Son quoth ye; he is like to make a fine Husband. For all your precious Son———

Sir *Edw.* Agen, Brother?

Sir *Will.* Look you, Brother, you fly out ſo: Pray, Brother, be not paſſionate; Paſſion drowns ones Parts; let us calmly reaſon; I have freſh Matter, have but Patience, and hear me ſpeak.

Sir *Edw.* Well Brother, go on; for I ſee I might as ſoon ſtop a Tyde.

Sir *Will.* To be calm and patient; your Jewel, tho' he deny'd that Outrage in *Dorſet-Court*, yet he committed it, and was laſt Night hurry'd before the Lord Chief Juſtice for it.

Sir *Edw.* It cannot be, on my certain knowledge. I cou'd convince him, but it is not time. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* What a Devil, are all the World miſtaken but you!

Sir *Edw.* He was with me all this Evening.

Sir *Will.* Why, he got Bail immediately, and came to you. Ounds, I never ſaw ſuch a Man in my Life!

Sir *Edw.* I am aſſur'd of the contrary.

Sir *Will.* Death and Hell, you make me ſtark mad! You will ſend me to *Bedlam*: You will not believe your own Senſes: I'll hold you a thouſand Pound.

Sir *Edw.* Brother, remember Paſſion drowns ones Parts.

Sir *Will.* Well, I am tame, I am cool.

Sir *Edw.* I'll hold you a hundred, which is enough for one Brother to win of another. *Enter Attorny.*
And here's your own Attorny comes opportunely enough to hold Stakes. I'll bind it with ten.

Sir *Will.* Done.

Sir *Edw.* Why, I ſaw your Man *Roger*, and he ſays, your Son found there a Raſcal, that went by his Name.

Attor. Oh, Sir *William*, I am undone, ruin'd, made a miſerable Man. Sir

Sir *Will.* What's the Matter Man?

Attor. Tho' you have been an exceeding good Clyent to me, I have Reaſon to curſe one of your Family that has ruin'd mine.

Sir *Will.* Pray explain your ſelf.

Attor. Oh, Sir, your wicked Son, your moſt Libidinous Son.

Sir *Will.* Look you, Brother, D'ye hear? D'ye hear? Do you Anſwer?

Attor. He's corrupted, debauch'd my only Daughter, whom I had brought up with all the Care and Charge I cou'd; who was the Hopes, the Joy of all our Family.

Sir *Will.* Here's a Son! Here's a rare Son! Here's a hopeful Son! And he were mine, I'd laſh him with a Dog-Whip: I'd cool his Courage.

Sir *Edw.* How do you know it is he?

Attor. I have a Witneſs of it, that ſaw her riſe from his Bed the other Day Morning; and laſt Night ſhe ran away to him, and they have lain at a private Lodging.

Sir *Edw.* Be well aſſur'd, ere you conclude; for there is a Raſcal that has taken my Son's Name, and has ſwagger'd in and about *White-Fryers*, with *Cheatly*, and that Gang of Rogues, whom my Son will take a Courſe with.

Attor. Oh, Sir, I am too well aſſur'd: My Wife tears her Hair; and I, for my part ſhall run diſtracted.

Sir *Will.* Oh, wicked Raſcal! Oh, my poor *Tim*! My dear Boy *Tim*! I think each Day a Year, till I ſee thee.

Sir *Edw.* Sir, I am extreamly ſorry for this, if it be ſo; but let me beg of you, play the part of a wiſe Man; blaze not this Diſhonour abroad, and you ſhall have all the Reparation the Caſe is capable of.

Sir *Will.* Reparation, for making his Daughter a Whore! What a Pox, can he give her her Maiden-head again?

Sir *Edw.* Money, which ſhall not be wanting, will ſtop that Witneſs's Mouth: And I will give your Daughter ſuch a Fortune, that were what you believe true and publickly known, ſhe ſhould live above Contempt, as the World goes now.

Attor. You ſpeak like the worthy Gentleman the World thinks you; but there can be no Salve for this Sore.

Sir *Will.* Why, you are enough to damn Forty Sons, if you had 'em; you encourage 'em to whore: You are fit to breed up Youth!

Sir *Edw.* You are mad: But pray Sir, let me intreat you to go home, and I will come and wait upon you; and we will conſult how to make the beſt of this Misfortune, in which I aſſure you, I have a great Share.

Attor. I will ſubmit to your wiſe Advice, Sir: my Grief had made me forget: Here is a Letter comes out of the Country for you. (*Exit Attorny.* Sir

Sir *Will.* For me! 'Tis welcome; now for News from my dear Boy! Now you ſhall hear, Brother; he is a Son indeed.

Sir *Edw.* Yes, a very hopeful one: I will not undeceive him, till *Ned* has try'd once more to recover him. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* (*Reads.*) On the Tenth of this Month, your Son, my young Maſter, about two of the Clock in the Morning, rode out with his Man *Lolpoop*; and notwithſtanding all the Search and Enquiry we can make (Oh Heaven) he cannot be found or heard of. (*He drops the Letter not able to hold it.*

Sir *Edw.* How's this?

Sir *Will.* Oh, my poor Boy! He is robb'd and murder'd, and buried in ſome Ditch, or flung into ſome Pond. Oh, I ſhall never ſee thee more, dear *Tim*! The Joy, and the Support of all my Life! The only Comfort which I had on Earth.

Sir *Edw.* Have Patience Brother; 'tis nothing but a little Ramble in your Abſence.

Sir *Will.* Oh no; he durſt not ramble; he was the dutifulleſt Child! I ſhall never ſee his Face again: Look you, he goes on; We have ſearch'd and made Enquiry in three adjacent Countries, and no Tydings can be heard of him. What have I done, that Heaven ſhould thus afflict me?

Sir *Edw.* What, if after all, this Son ſhould be he that has made all this Noiſe in *White-Fryers*, for which mine has been ſo blam'd?

Sir *Will.* My Son, my Son play ſuch Pranks? That's likely! One ſo ſtrictly, ſo ſoberly educated! One that's educated your way cannot do otherwiſe. *Enter* Roger.

Roger. Sir, Sir, Sir, Mercy upon me, here's my young Maſter's Man *Lolpoop*, coming along in the Street with a Wench.

Enter Lolpoop *leading* Betty *under the Arm.*

Sir *Will.* Oh Heaven! What ſay you?

Sir *Edw.* Now it works: Ha ha ha. (*to himſelf.*

Betty. How now! What have you to ſay to my Friend, my Dear?

Sir William *lays hold on* Lolpoop *ere he or ſhe ſees him. Sir* William *and* Lolpoop *ſtart, and ſtand amaz'd at one another; and after a great Pauſe, Sir* William *falls upon* Lolpoop, *beats the Whore, beats* Roger, *ſtrikes at his Brother, and lays about him like a Mad-man; the Rabble get all about him.*

Sir *Will.* Sirrah, Rogue, Dog, Villian, Whore, and you Rogue, Rogue! Confound the World: Oh that the World were all on fire.

Sir *Edw.* Brother, for ſhame be more temperate: Are you a Mad-man?

Sir *Will.* Plague o' your dull Philoſophy.

Sir *Edw.* The Rabble are gather'd together about you.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Villain, Rogue, Dog, Toad, Serpent, where's my Son? Sirrah, you have robb'd him, and murder'd him.

He beats Lolpoop, *who roars out Murder.*

Lolp. Hold, hold, your Son is alive, and alive like: He's in *London.*

Sir *Will.* What ſay you, Sirrah? In *London*? And is he well? Thanks be to Heaven for that: Where is he Sirrah?

Lolp. He is in *White-Fryers*, with Mr. *Cheatly*, his Couſin *Shamwell*, and Captain *Hackum.* (*Sir* William *pauſes as amaz'd: Then beats him again.*

Sir *Will.* And you Rogue, you damn'd Dog, wou'd you ſuffer him to keep ſuch Company, and commit ſuch villanous Actions?

Lolp. Hold, hold, hold, I pray you, Sir; I am but a Servant, how cou'd I help it, marry?

Sir *Will.* You cou'd not help being with a Whore your ſelf; Sirrah, Sirrah, Sirrah. Here honeſt Mob, courſe this Whore to ſome Purpoſe. A Whore, a Whore, a Whore. (*She runs out, the Rabble run after, and tear her, crying, a Whore, a Whore.*

Sir *Edw.* This is wiſely done! If they murder her you'll be hang'd: I am in Commiſſion for *Middleſex*, I muſt ſee to appeaſe them.

Sir *Will.* Sirrah, Rogue, bring me to my Son inſtantly, or I'll cut your Throat. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Iſabella, Tereſia, Ruth.

Iſab. Dear *Ruth*, thou doſt for ever oblige us.

Tere. And ſo much, that none but our own Mothers cou'd ever do it more.

Ruth. Oblige your ſelves, and be not ſilly, coy, and nice: ſtrike me when the Iron's hot, I ſay. They have great Eſtates, and are both Friends, I know both their Families and Conditions.

Enter Belfond *Jun. and* Truman.

Here they are: Welcome Friends.

Tru. How doſt thou?

Ruth. Theſe are the Damſels, I will retire, and watch, leſt the Old Man ſurprize. (*Ex.* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Look thee, *Iſabella*, I come to confer with thee, in a Matter which concerneth us both, if thou be'ſt free.

Iſab. Friend, 'tis like I am.

Tru. And mine with thee is of the ſame Nature.

Tere. Proceed.

Belf. Jun. Something within me whiſpereth, that we were made as helps for one another.

Tere. They act very well, Couſin.

Iſab. For young Beginners. Come, leave off your *Canaanitiſh* dialect, and talk like the Inhabiters of this World.

Tere. We are as errant Hypocrites as the beſt of you.

Iſa.

Iſab. We were bred otherwiſe than you ſee, and are able to hear you talk like Gentlemen.

Tere. You come to our Meeting like Sparks and Beaux, and I never could perceive much Devotion in you.

Iſab. 'Tis ſuch a Pain to diſſemble, that I am reſolv'd I'll never do it but when I muſt.

Belf. Jun. Dear Madam, I cou'd wiſh all Forms were laid aſide betwixt us: But in ſhort, I am moſt infinitely in love with you, and muſt be for ever miſerable if I go without you.

Iſab. A frank and hearty Declaration, which you make with ſo much Confidence, I warrant you have been us'd to it.

Tru. There is not a Difficulty in the World which I would ſtop at to obtain your love, the only thing on Earth cou'd make me happy.

Tere. And you are as much in Earneſt now, as you were when you came firſt to us even now.

Iſab. That's well urg'd: Cannot you Gentlemen counterfeit Love, as well as Religion?

Belf. Jun. Love is ſo natural, it cannot be affected.

Tru. To ſhow you mine is ſo, take me at my Word; I am ready to render on Diſcretion.

Tere. And was this the Reaſon you frequented our Pariſh-Church?

Belf. Jun. Cou'd you think our Buſineſs was to hear your Teacher ſpin out an Hour, over a Velvet Cuſhion?

Iſab. Profane Men! I warrant they came to Ogle.

Tru. Even ſo; our Eyes might tell you what we came for.

Belf. Jun. In ſhort, dear Madam, our Opportunities are like to be ſo few, your Confinement being ſo cloſe, that 'tis fit to make uſe of this; 'tis not your Fortune which I aim at, my Uncle will make a Settlement equal to it, were it more; but 'tis your charming Perſon.

Iſab. And you wou'd have me a fine forward Lady, to love Extempore.

Belf. Jun. Madam you have but few Minutes to make uſe of, and therefore ſhould improve thoſe few: Your Uncle has ſold you for 5000 *l.* and for ought I know, you have not this Night good for your deliverance.

Tru. Conſider Ladies, if you had not better truſt a couple of honeſt Gentlemen, than an Old Man, that makes his Market of you; for I can tell you, you tho' his own Daughter, are to be ſold too.

Tere. But for all that, our Conſents are to be had.

Belf. Jun. You can look for nothing, but a more ſtrict Confinement, which muſt follow your Refuſal: Now, if you have Courage to venture an Eſcape, we are the Knights that will relieve you.

Tru.

Tru. I have an Eſtate, Madam, equal to your Fortune: But have nothing can deſerve your Love: But I'll procure your Freedom, then uſe it as you pleaſe.

Belf. Jun. If you are unwilling to truſt us, you can truſt your Governeſs, whom you ſhall have with you.

Iſa. And what wou'd you and the World ſay of us for this?

Belf. Jun. We ſhould Adore you: And I am apt to think the World wou'd not condemn your Choice.

Tru. But I am ſure, all the World will condemn your Delay, in the condition you are in. *Enter* Ruth.

Ruth. I ſee Mr. *Scrapeall* coming at the end of the Street: Begon, I'll bring them to your Chamber in the *Temple*, this Evening. Haſte, haſte out at the Back-door.

Belf. Jun. This is moſt unfortunate.

Tru. Dear Madam, let me Seal my Vows.

Ruth. Go, go: begon, begon, Friends. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Scrapeall, *croſſes the Stage; enter Mrs.* Termagant *and her Brother.*

Term. You ſee, Brother, we have dogg'd *Belfond*, 'till we ſaw him enter the Houſe of this Scrivener with his Friend *Truman*, both in diſguiſes; which with what we have heard even now, at the neighbouring Alehouſe, convinces me, that 'tis he is to marry the rich Niece.

Bro. They ſay ſhe is to be Marry'd to the Son of Sir *William Belfond*, and that Sir *William* gives a great Sum of Mony to her Unkle for her; by this it ſhould ſeem to be the Elder Son, and not our Enemy, who is diſguis'd for her.

Term. If ſo, the Villain would not at full day go thither.

Bro. But 'tis in a diſguiſe.

Term. With that, I ſuppoſe the Son pretends to be a Puritan too, or ſhe would not have him; it muſt be he. And if you will do as I directed you, I warrant I'll break off his Match; and by that work an Exquiſite piece of Revenge.

Bro. I am wholly at your diſpoſe.

Term. Now is the time, the Door opens; purſue me with a drawn Dagger, with all the ſeeming Fury imaginable, now as the Old Man comes out. Scrapeall *paſſes over the Stage.*

Brother purſues her with a drawn Dagger, ſhe runs and gets into the Houſe, and claps the Door after her.

Enter within, Ruth, Tereſia, Iſabella, Termagant.

Bro. Where is the Jade? Deliver her to me, I'll cut her in piece meal: Deliver her, I ſay. Well, you will not deliver her; I ſhall watch her.

Term. Oh, Oh! Where is the Murderer? Where is he? I die with fear, I die.

Ruth.

Ruth. Prithee, Woman, Comfort thy ſelf, no Man ſhall hurt thee here. Take a Sup of this Bottle.

She pulls out a Silver Strong-Water Bottle.

Ter. Thou art ſafe.

Iſa. We will defend thee here, as in a Caſtle. But what is the occaſion of this Man's Fury?

Term. You are ſo generous, in giving me this Succour, and promiſing my Defence, that I am reſolv'd not to conceal it from you. Tho' I muſt confeſs, I have no reaſon to boaſt of it; but I hope your Charity will interpret it as well as you can on my ſide.

Ruth. Go on: Thou need'ſt not fear.

Term. Know then, I am a Gentlewoman, whoſe Parents dying when I was ſixteen, left me a moderate Fortune, yet able to maintain me like their Daughter. I choſe an Aunt my Guardian, one of thoſe Jolly Widows who love Gaming, and have great Reſort in the Evenings at their Houſes.

Ruth. Good: Proceed.

Term. There it was my Misfortune to be acquainted with a young Gentleman, whoſe Face, Air, Mein, Shape, Wit, and Breeding, not I alone, but the whole Town admires.

Ruth. Very good.

Term. By all his Looks, his Geſtures, and Addreſſes, he ſeem'd in Love with me: The Joy that I conceiv'd at this, I wanted Cunning to conceal, but he muſt needs perceive it flaſh in my Eyes, and kindle in my Face; he ſoon began to court me in ſuch ſweet, ſuch charming Words, as wou'd betray a more experienc'd Heart than mine.

Ruth. Humh: Very well; ſhe ſpeaks notably.

Term. There was but little left for him to do, for I had done it all before for him: He had a Friend within too ready to give up the Fort; yet I held out as long as I could make Defence.

Ruth. Good lack a day! Some Men have ſtrange Charms, it is confeſs'd.

Term. Yet I was ſafe by ſolemn mutual Oaths, in private we were contracted: He wou'd have it private, becauſe he fear'd to offend an Unkle, from whom he had great expectance; but now came all my Miſery.

Ruth. Alack, alack, I warrant he was falſe.

Term. Falſe as a Crocodile: He watch'd the fatal Minute, and he found it, and greedily ſeiz'd upon me, when I truſted to his Honour and his Oaths; he ſtill ſwore on, that he wou'd marry me, and I ſinn'd on: In ſhort I had a Daughter by him, now three Years old, as true a Copy as e'er Nature drew, Beauteous, and Witty to a Miracle.

Ruth.

Ruth. Nay, Men are faithleſs, I can ſpeak it.

Tere. Poor Lady; I am ſtrangely concern'd for her.

Iſa. She was a Fool to be catch'd in ſo common a Snare.

Term. From time to time he ſwore he wou'd marry me; though I muſt think I am his Wife as much as any Prieſt can make me; but ſtill he found Excuſes about his Unkle. I wou'd have patiently waited 'till his Unkle's Death, had he been true; but he has thrown me off, abandon'd me, without ſo much as a pretended Crime.

Ruth. Alack, and well-a-day! It makes me weep.

Term. But 'tis for an Attorney's Daughter, whom he keeps, and now is fond of; while he treats me with all Contempt and Hatred.

Iſa. Tho' ſhe was a Fool, yet he's a baſe inhuman Fellow.

Tere. To ſcorn and hate her, for her Love to him.

Term. By this means my Diſhonour, which had been yet conceal'd, became ſo publick, my Brother coming from the Wars of *Hungary* has heard all, has this Day fought with the Author of my Miſery, but was diſarm'd; and now by Accident he ſpied me by your Houſe, I having fled the place where I had lodg'd, for fear of him; and here the Bloody Man would have kill'd me, for the Diſhonour done to his Family, which never yet was blemiſh'd.

Ruth. Get the Chief Juſtices Warrant, and bind him to the Peace.

Tere. She tells her Story well.

Iſa. 'Tis a very odd one; but ſhe expreſſes it ſo ſenſibly, I cannot but believe her.

Term. If they do not ask me who this is, I have told my Tale in vain. Now Ladies I hope you have Charity enough to pardon the Weakneſs of a poor Young Woman, who ſuffers Shame enough within.

Tere. We ſhall be glad to do yon what Kindneſs we can.

Term. Oh, had you ſeen this moſt bewitching Perſon, ſo Beautiful, witty, and well bred, and full of moſt Gentleman-like Qualities, you wou'd be the readier to have Compaſſion on me.

Iſa. Pray, who is it?

Term. Alas, 'tis no ſecret, it is *Belfond*, who calls Sir *Edward Belfond* Father, but is his Nephew.

Iſa. What do I hear? Was ever Woman ſo unfortunate as I, her firſt Love.

Tere. 'Tis moſt unlucky.

Term. That is the Niece: I ſee 'twas he who was to marry her.

Iſa. But I am glad I have thus early heard it: I'll never ſee his Face more.

Ruth.

Ruth. All this is falſe: He is a pious Man, and true Profeſſor. This vile Woman will break the Match off, and undo my Hopes. (*Aſide.*

Term. 'Tis as I thought. He is a Ranting Blade, a Royſter of the Town. (*Aſide.*

Ruth. Come you are an idle Woman, and belye him; begon out of the Doors; there's the back-way, you need not pretend Fear of your Brother.

Term. I am oblig'd enough in the preſent Defence you gave me: I intended not to trouble you long; but Heav'n can witneſs what I ſay is true.

Iſa. Do you hear Couſin! 'tis moſt certain, I'll never ſee him.

Ruth. Go, wicked Woman, go, what evil Spirit ſent thee hither? I ſay begon.

Term. I go. I care not what ſhe ſays, it works where I would have it. Your Servant Ladies. *Exit.*

Ruth. Go, go, thou wicked Slanderer.

Tereſ. See him but once, to hear what he can ſay in his Defence.

Iſa. Yes, to hear him lye, as all the Sex will: Perſuade me not; I am fix'd.

Ruth. Look thee, *Iſabella.*

Iſa. I am reſolv'd. *Exit* Iſabella *haſtily.*

Tere. Dear *Ruth*, thou deareſt Friend, whom once we took for our moſt cruel Goalor, let's follow, and help me to convince her of her Error; but I am reſolv'd, if ſhe be ſtubborn to undo her ſelf, ſhe ſhall not ruine me: I will eſcape.

Ruth. Let us perſuade her. *Exeunt.*

Enter Belfond *Sen. and* Hackum.

Belf. Sen. Captain, call all my Servants, why don't they wait?

Enter Margaret, *and Mrs.* Hackum *with a Cawdle.*

O, my pure Blowing, my Convenient, my Tackle!

Marg. How doſt thou, my Dear?

Mrs. *Hack.* I have brought you a Cawdle here; there's Amber-greeſe in it, 'tis a rare refreſhing, ſtrengthning thing.

Belf. Sen. What, adad, you take me for a Bridegroom; ſcorn a Cawdle, give me ſome Cherry brandy, I'll drink her Health in a Bumper: Do thee eat this, Child.

Mrs. *Hack.* I have that at Hand——here, Sir.

She fetches the Brandy.

Enter Captain Hack. *and Servants.*

Belf. Sen. Come, my dear Natural, here's a Bumper of Cherry-brandy to thy Health; but firſt let me kiſs thee, my dear Rogue.

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Will.* Some Thunderbolt light on my Head; what's this I ſee?

Belf. Sen. My Father!

Enter Cheatly *and* Shamwell.

Sir *Will.* Hey, here's the whole Kennel of Hell-hounds.

Cheat. Bear up to him, bow, wow.

Shamw. Do not flinch, bow, wow.

Belf. Sen. Bow, wow, bow, wow.

Sir *Will.* Moſt impudent abandon'd Raſcal; let me go, let me come at him; audacious Varlet, how durſt thou look on me?

(*He endeavours to fly at his Son, Footmen hold him.*

Belf. Sen. Go ſtrike your Dogs, and call them Names, you have nothing to do with me, I am of full Age; and I thank Heaven, am gotten looſe from your Yoak, don't think to put upon me, I'll be kept no longer like a *Prigſter*, a ſilly *Country Put*, fit for nothing but to be a *Bubble*, a *Caravan*, or ſo.

Sir *Will.* A moſt perfect downright canting Rogue; am I not your Father, Sirrah? Sirrah, am I not?

Belf. Sen. Yes, and Tenant for Life to my Eſtate in Tail, and I'll look to you, that you commit no Waſte; what-a-Pox, did you think to Noſe me for ever, as the Saying is? I am not ſo *dark* neither, I am *ſharp*, *ſharp* as a *Needle*, I can *ſmoak* now, as ſoon as another.

Sir *Will.* Let me come at him.

Cheat. So long as you forbear all Violence you are ſafe; but if you ſtrike here, we command the *Fryers*, and we will raiſe the *Poſſe*.

Sir *Will.* O Villain! thou notorious undoer of young Heirs: And thou pernicious Wretch, thou art no part of me; have I from thy firſt Swaddling nouriſh'd thee and bred thee up with Care.

Belf. Sen. Yes, with Care to keep your Money from me, and breed me in the greateſt Ignorance, fit for your Slave, and not your Son: I had been finely *dark* if I had ſtaid at home.

Sir *Will.* Were you not Educated like a Gentleman?

Belf. Sen. No like a *Graſier* or a *Butcher*; if I had ſtaid in the Country, I had never ſeen ſuch a *Nab*, a rum Nab, ſuch a modiſh *Porker*, ſuch ſpruce and neat Accoutrements; here is a *Tattle*? here's a *Famble*, and here's the *Cole*, the *Ready*, the *Rhino*, the *Darby*; I have a luſty *Cod* Old Prigg, I'd have thee know, and am very *Rhixocerical*; here are *Meggs* and *Smelts* good ſtore, *Decuſſes* and *Georges*, the Land is Entail'd, and I will have my *Snack* of it while I am young, adad, I will. Hah!

Sir *Will.* Some Mountain cover me, and hide my Shame for ever from the World; did I not beget thee, Rogue?

Belf. Sen. What know I whether you did or not? But 'twas not to use me like a Slave, but I am ſharp and ſmoaky, I had been purely bred, had I been rul'd by you, I ſhould never have known theſe worthy ingenious Gentleman, my dear Friends, all this fine Language had been Heathen Greek to me, and I had ne'er been able to have cut a Sham or Banter while I had liv'd, adad, odſookers, I know my ſelf, and will have nothing to do with you.

Sir *Will.* I am aſtoniſh'd!

Belf. Sen. Shall my younger Brother keep his Coach and Equipage, and ſhine like a ſpruce Prigg, and I be your Baily in the Country? Hi, *La Mar*; bid my Coach be ready at the Door; I'll make him know I am elder Brother, and I will have the better Liveries, and I am reſolv'd to manage my *Natural*, my *pure Blowing*, my *Convenient*, my *Peculiar*, my *Tackle*, my *Pureſt Pure*, as the reſt of the young Gentlemen of the Town do.

Sir *Will.* A moſt confirm'd *Alſatian* Rogue! (*Aſide.* Thou moſt ungracious Wretch to break from me, at ſuch a time, when I had provided a Wife for you, a pretty young Lady, with fifteen thouſand Pound down, have ſettled a great Jointure upon her, and a large Eſtate in Preſent on you, the Writings all ſealed, and nothing wanting but you, whom I had ſent for Poſt out of the Country to marry her!

Belf. Sen. Very likely, that you, who have cudgel'd me from my Cradle, and made me your Slave, and grutch'd me a Crown in my Pocket, ſhould do all this.

Cheat. Believe him not; there's not one Word of Truth in't.

Sham. This is a Trick to get you in his Power.

Sir *Will.* The Writings are all at my Attorny's in the Temple; you may go with me, and ſee 'em all; and, if you will comply, I'll pardon what is paſt and marry you.

Belf. Sen. No, no, I am *ſharp*, as I told you, and *ſmoaky*; you ſhall not put upon me, I underſtand your Shams: But to talk fairly in all Occurrences of this Nature, which either may, or may not be, according to the different Accidents which often intervene upon ſeveral Opportunities, from whence we may collect either Good or Bad, according to the Nature of the Things themſelves; and foraſmuch as whether they be Good or Bad concerns only the Underſtanding, ſo far forth as it employs its Faculties: Now ſince all this is premiſed, let us come to the Matter in Hand.

Sir *Will.* Prodigious Impudence! O Devil! I'll to my Lord Chief Juſtice, and with his Tipſtaff I'll do your Buſineſs, Rogues, Dogs and Villains, I will. (*Exit in Fury.*

Cheat. This was bravely carry'd on.

Sham. Moſt admirably.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Ay, was't not? Don't I begin to *banter* pretty well, ha?

Cheat. Rarely: But a Word in Private, my *reſplendent Prig.* You ſee your Father reſolves to put ſome Trick upon you; be before-hand with him, and marry this Fortune I have prepared. Loſe not Time but ſee her, and treat with her, if you like her, as ſoon as you can.

Belf. Sen. You are in the Right; let not my *Blowing* hear a Word; I'll to her inſtantly.

Cheat. Shamwel and I'll go and prepare her for a Viſit; you know the Place.

Belf. Sen. I do, come along.——— (*Exeunt.*

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, *and Mrs.* Termagant, *in her fine-Lodgings.*

Cheat. Madam, you muſt carry your ſelf ſomewhat ſtately, but courteouſly, to the Bubble.

Sham. Somewhat reſerv'dly, and yet ſo as to give him hopes.

Term. I warrant you, let me alone, and if I effect this Buſineſs, you are the beſt Friends, ſuch Friends as I could never yet expect: 'Twill be an exquiſite Revenge.

Cheat. He comes! Come noble Eſquire.

Enter Belfond *Senior.*

Madam this is the Gentleman whom I would recommend to your Ladyſhip's Favour, who is ambitious of kiſſing your Hand.

Belf. Sen. Yes, Madam, as Mr. *Cheatly* ſays, I am ambitious of kiſſing your Hand, and your Lip too, Madam; for I vow to Gad, Madam, there is not a Perſon in the World, Madam, has a greater honour for your Perſon; and, Madam, I aſſure you I am a Perſon———

Term. My good Friend, Mr. *Cheatly*, with whom I intruſt the Management of my ſmall Fortune———

Cheat. Small Fortune! Nay it is a large one——

Term. He's told me of your Family and Character; to your Name I am no Stranger, nor to your Eſtate, though this is the firſt time I have had the Honour to ſee your Perſon.

Belf. Sen. Hold, good Madam, the Honour lies on my Side: She's a rare Lady, ten times handſomer than my Blowing: (And here's a Lodging and Furniture for a Queen!) Madam, if your Ladyſhip pleaſe to accept of my Affection in an honourable Way, you ſhall find I am no *Putt*, no *Country Prigſter*, nor ſhall ever Want the *Meggs*, the *Smelts*, *Decuſſes* and *Georges*, the *Ready*, and the *Rhino*: I am *Rhinocerical.*

Term. I want nothing Sir, Heaven be thanked.

Sham. Her worſt Servants eat in Plate, and her Maids have all Silver Chamber-pots.

Belf. Sen. Madam, I beg your Pardon, I am ſomewhat Bow-

ſy; I have been drinking Bumpers and Facers till I am almoſt clear: I have 3000 *l.* a Year, and 2000 pounds-worth of Wood, which I can turn into Cole and Ready, and my Eſtate ne'er the worſe; there's only the Incumbrance of an old Fellow, upon it and I ſhall break his Heart ſuddenly.

Term. This is a weighty Matter, and requires Advice: Nor is it a ſudden Work to perſwade my Heart to Love. I have my Choice of Fortunes.

Belf. Sen. Very like Madam: But Mr. *Cheatly* and my Couſin *Shamwell* can tell you that my Occaſions require Haſt, d'ye ſee? and therefore I deſire you to reſolve as ſoon as convenient you can. (*A Noiſe of a Tumult without, and blowing of a Horn.*

Cheat. What's this I hear?

Sham. They are up in the *Fryers*; pray Heaven the Sheriffs Officers be not come.

Cheat. S'life, 'tis ſo: ſhift for your ſelves; Squire let me conduct you—This is your wicked Father with Officers. (*Exit.*

Cry without, The Tip-ſtaff, an Arreſt, an Arreſt; and the Horn blows.

Enter Sir William, Belfond, *and a Tip-ſtaff, with the Conſtable and his Watch-men; and againſt them the Poſſe of the* Fryers *drawn up, Bankrupts hurrying to eſcape.*

Sir *Will.* Are you mad to reſiſt the Tip-ſtaff, the King's Authority? (*They cry out, An Arreſt. Several flock to 'em with all ſorts of Weapons. Women with Fire-Forks, Spits, Paring-Shovels,* &c.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, Belfond *Sen. and Hackum.*

Cheat. We are too ſtrong for 'em: Stand your Ground.

Sir *Will.* We demand that ſame *Squire*, *Cheatly*, *Shamwell*, and *Bully Hackum*: Deliver them up, and all the reſt of you are ſafe.

Hack. Not a Man.

Sir *Will.* Nay then have at you.

Tip-ſt. I charge you, in the King's Name, all to aſſiſt me. (*Rabble beat the Conſtable and the reſt into the Temple. Tip-ſtaff runs away. They take Sir* William *Priſoner.*

Rabble. Fall on.

Cheat. Come on thou wicked Author of this Broil. You are our Priſoner.

Sir *Will.* Let me go Rogue.

Sham. Now we have you in the Temple, we'll ſhew you the Pump firſt.

Sir *Will.* Dogs, Rogues, Villains.

Sham. To the Pump, to the Pump.

Hack. Pump him, pump him.

Belf.

Belf. Sen. Ay, pump him, pump him, Old Prigg.
Rabble. Pump, Pump, to the Pump; Huzza!

Enter Belfond *Jun.* Truman, *and ſeveral Gentlemen, Porter of the Temple, and* Belfond's *Footman.*

Belf. Jun. What's the Matter here?
Tru. The Rabble have catcht a Bailiff.
Belf. Jun. Death and Hell, 'tis my Father; 'tis a Gentleman, my Father. Gentlemen, I beſeech you lend me your Hands to his Reſcue.
Tru. Come on, Raſcals; have we caught you? Well make you an Example.
Belf. Jun. Here! Where are the Officers of the Temple? Porter, do you ſhut the Gates into *White-Fryers.*
(*All draw and fall upon the Rabble.* Belfond *Sen. runs firſt away. The Templers beat 'em and take* Cheatly, Shamwell *and* Hackum *Priſoners.*
Porter. I will Sir.
Belf. Jun. Here's a Guinea among ye. See theſe three Rogues well pumpt, and let 'em go through the whole Courſe.
Cheat. Hold, hold, I am a Gentleman.
Sham. I am your Couſin.
Hack. Hold, hold, Scoundrels, I am a Captain.
Belf. Jun. Away with 'em.
Sir *Will.* Away with 'em. Dear Son, I am infinitely oblig'd to you; I ask your Pardon for all that I have ſaid againſt you: I have wrong'd you.
Belf. Jun. Good Sir, reflect not on that; I am reſolv'd, ere I have done, to deſerve your good Word.
Sir *Will.* 'Twas ill Fortune, we have miſs'd my moſt ungracious Rebel, that Monſter of Villany.
Belf. Jun. Let me alone with him Sir, upon my Honour I will deliver him ſafe this Night. But now let us ſee the Execution.
Sir *Will.* Dear *Ned*, you bring Tears into my Eyes. Let me embrace thee my only Comfort now.
Belf. Jun. Good Sir, let's on and ſee the Juſtice of this Place.
Exeunt.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cheatly, Shamwell, *and* Hackum.

Cheat. O Unmerciful Dogs! Were ever Gentlemen us'd thus before? I am drencht into a Quartan Ague.

Sham. My Limbs are ſtiff and numb'd all over; but where I am beaten and bruis'd, there I have ſome Senſe left.

Hack. Dry Blows I could have born magnanimouſly; but to be made ſuch a Sop of—— Beſides, I have had the worſt of it, by wearing my own Hair; to be ſhav'd all on one Side, and with a Lather made of Kennel-dirt, inſtead of a Waſh-ball: I have loſt half the beſt Head of Hair in the *Fryers*, and a Whisker, worth Fifty Pound in its Intrinſick Value to a Commander.

Cheat. Indeed your magnanimous Phyz is ſomewhat diſfigur'd by it, Captain.

Sham. Your Military Countenance has loſt much of its Ornament.

Hack. I am as diconſolate as a Bee that has loſt his Sting; the other Moiety of Whisker muſt follow: Then all the Terror of my Face is gone; that Face that us'd to fright young Priggs into Submiſſion. I ſhall now look but like an ordinary Man.

Cheat. We'll ſwinge theſe Rogues with Indictments for a Riot, and with Actions *Sans Nombre.*

Sham. What Reparation will that be? I am a Gentleman, and can never ſhew my Face amongſt my Kindred more.

Cheat. We that can ſhew our Faces after what we have done, may well ſhew 'em after what we have ſuffer'd. Great Souls are above Ordinances, and never can be Slaves to Fame.

Hack. My Honour is tender and this one Affront will coſt me at leaſt five Murders.

Cheat. Let's not prate and ſhiver in cold Fits here, but call your Wife with the Cherry-Brandy, and let's ask after the Squire; if they have taken him, 'tis the worſt Part of the Story.

Hack. No, I ſaw the Squire run into the *Fryers* at firſt. But I'll go fetch ſome Cherry-Brandy, and that will comfort us. (*Steps in for Brandy.*
Here's the Bottle, let's drink by Word of Mouth. (*Drinks.*

Cheat. Your Cherry-Brandy is moſt ſovereign and edifying. (*Cheatly drinks.*

Sham. Moſt exceeding comfortable after our *Temple-Pickling.* (*Drinks.*

Cheat.

Cheat. A Fiſh has a damn'd Life on't. I ſhall have that Averſion to Water, after this—— that I ſhall ſcarce ever be cleanly enough to waſh my Face again.

Hack. Well, I'll to the Barbers and get my ſelf ſhav'd; then go to the Squire and be new accouter'd. (*Exit Hackum.*

Cheat. Dear *Shamwell*, we muſt not for a little Affliction, forget our main Buſineſs; our Caravan muſt be well manag'd: He is now drunk, and when he wakes, will be very fit to be marry'd. Mrs. *Termagant* has given us a Judgment of 2000 *l.* upon that Condition.

Sham. The ſooner we diſpoſe of him, the better; for all his Kindred are bent to retrieve him; and the *Temple* joyning in the War againſt us, will go near to be too hard for us; ſo that we muſt make what we can of him immediately.

Cheat. If he ſhould be once cool or irreſolute, we have loſt him, and all our Hopes; but when we have ſufficiently dipt him, as we ſhall by this Marriage and her Judgment, he is our own for ever.

Sham. But what ſhall we do for our *White-Fryers* Chaplain, our *Alſatian* Divine? I was in Search of him before our late Misfortune, and the Rogue is hol'd ſomewhere, I could not find him, and we are undone without him.

Cheat. 'Tis true; pray go inſtantly and find him out; he dares not ſtir out of this Covert; beat it well all over for him, you'll find him tapps'd in ſome Ale-houſe, Bawdy-houſe, or Brandy-ſhop.

Sham. He's a brave ſwinging Orthodox, and will marry any Couple at any Time; he defies Licenſe, and canonical Hours, and all thoſe fooliſh Ceremonies.

Cheat. Prithee look after him, while I go to prepare the Lady.

Sham. You Rogue, *Cheatly*, you have a loving Deſign upon her; you will go to the Twelve with the Squire: If you do, I will have my ſnack.

Cheat. Go, go, you are a Wag. (*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Ruth, Belfond *Jun. and* Truman *at* Scrapeall's *Houſe.*

Ruth. She told her Tale ſo paſſionately, that *Iſabella* believes every Word of it; and is reſolv'd, as ſhe ſays, never to ſee thee more.

Belf. Jun. Oh, this moſt malicious, and moſt infamous of her Sex; there is not the leaſt Truth in her Accuſation.

Tru. That to my Knowledge, he is not a Man of thoſe Principles.

Ruth. I will ſend them to you, if I can; and in the mean time be upon the Watch.

Tru,

Tru. Take this Writing with thee; which is a Bond from us, to make good our Agreement with thee.

Ruth. 'Tis well, and ſtill I doubt not to perform my part. (*Ex.*

Belf. Jun. Was ever Man plagu'd with a Wench like me? Well, ſay what they will, the Life of a Whore-Maſter is a fooliſh, reſtleſs, anxious Life; and there's an End of it. What can be done with this malicious Devil? A Man cannot offer Violence to a Woman.

Tru. Steal away her Child, and then you may awe her.

Belf. Jun. I have Emiſſaries abroad, to find out the Child; but ſhe'll Sacrifice that, and all the World, to her Revenge.

Tru. You muſt Arreſt her upon a Swinging Action, which ſhe cannot get Bail for, and keep her 'till ſhe's humbled.

Enter Tereſia.

Madam, I kiſs your Hands.

Tere. You have done well, Mr. *Belfond*: Here has been a Lady, whom you have had a Child by, were Contracted to, and have deſerted, for an Attorny's Daughter which you keep; my Couſin ſays ſhe will never ſee you more.

Belf. Jun. If this be true, Madam, I deſerve never to ſee her more; which wou'd be worſe than Death to me.

Tere. I have prevail'd with her once more to ſee you, and hear what you can ſay to this: Come, come, out Couſin. (*Leads in* Iſa.

Look you, Couſin, Mr. *Belfond* denies all this matter.

Iſa. I never doubted that; but certainly it is impoſſible to counterfeit ſo lively as ſhe did.

Belf. Jun. Heaven is my Witneſs that her Accuſation is falſe: I never was yet contracted to any Woman, nor made the leaſt Promiſe, or gave any one the leaſt Hope of it; and if I do not demonſtrate my Innocence to you, I will be content for ever to be debarr'd the Sight of you, more priz'd by me than Liberty, or Life.

Iſa. And yet perhaps theſe very Words were ſaid to her.

Tru. Madam, you have not Time, if you value your own Liberty, to argue any longer: We will carry you to Sir *Edward Belfond*'s, his Siſter is his Houſe-keeper, and there you may be entertain'd with Safety of your Honour.

Tere. He is eſteem'd a worthy Gentleman; nor cou'd we chuſe a better Guardian.

Iſa. At leaſt, how could you uſe a Woman ill, you had a Child by.

Belf

Belf. Jun. Not all the Malice of Mankind can equal hers. I have been frail, I muſt confeſs, as others; and though I have provided for her and her Child, yet every Day ſhe does me all the moſt outragious Miſchief ſhe can poſſibly conceive; but this has touch'd me in the tendereſt point.

Iſa. 'Twould be much for my Honour to put my ſelf into the Hands of a known Wencher.

Belf. Jun. Into the Hands of one, who has abandon'd all the Thoughts of Vice and Folly for you.

Tru. Beſides, Madam, you neither of you truſt us; your Governeſs is with you, and yet we are ready to make good our Words by the Aſſiſtance of a Parſon.

Tere. That's another point: But I am ſure, Couſin, there is no dallying about our Liberty: If you be in Love with your Jayl, ſtay; I, for my part, am reſolv'd to go.

Belf. Jun. My Unkle's a vertuous honourable Man; my Aunt, his Siſter, a Lady of great Piety; think if you will not be ſafer there, than with your Unkle, by whom you are ſold for 5000*l.* to my Knowledge, to one who is the moſt debauch'd diſſolute Fellow this Day in *London*.

Tere. Liberty, Liberty, I ſay; I'll truſt my ſelf, and my Governeſs.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Haſte, and agree: Your Father has ſent to have Supper ready in leſs than half an Hour.

Tere. Away, away; I am ready; Couſin, farewel.

Belf. Jun. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, on my Knees I beg you to make uſe of this Occaſion, or you have loſt your ſelf; and I too ſhall for ever loſe you for Marriage; which alone can keep me from being the moſt miſerable; you may adviſe, and all Things ſhall be clear'd up to your Wiſh.

Tere. Farewel, Dear Couſin; let's kiſs at parting.

Iſa. Sure thou haſt not the Conſcience; thou wilt not leave me?

Tere. By my troth but I will.

Iſa. By my troth but you ſhall not; for I'll go with thee.

Belf. Jun. May all the Joys of Life for ever wait on you.

Ruth. Haſte! haſte! begon——

(*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir *Will.* That I ſhould live to this unhappy Age! to ſee the Fruit of all my Hopes thus blaſted; How long, like Chymiſts have

have I watch'd and toil'd; and in the Minute when I expected to have ſeen Projection, all is flown up in Fumo.

Enter Sir Edward.

Brother! I am aſham'd to look on you, my Diſappointment is ſo great. Oh this moſt wicked Recreant! this perverſe and infamous Son.

Sir *Edw.* Brother, a Wiſe Man is never diſappointed. Man's Life is like a Game at Tables; if at any time the Caſt you moſt ſhall need does not come up; let that which comes inſtead of it be mended by your Play.

Sir *Will.* How different have been our Fates? I left the Pleaſures of the Town to Marry, which was no ſmall Bondage, had Children, which brought more Care upon me; for their Sakes I liv'd a ruſtick, painful, hard, ſevere and melancholy Life: Moroſe, Inhoſpitable, ſparing even Neceſſaries; Tenacious even to Griping, for their Good: My Neighbours ſhunn'd me, my Friends neglected me, my Children hate me, and wiſh my Death: Nay, this wicked Son, in whom I had ſet up my Reſt, and principally for whoſe Good I thus had liv'd, has now defeated all my Hopes.

Sir *Edw.* 'Twas your own Choice: You would not learn from others.

Sir *Will.* You have liv'd ever at Eaſe, indulg'd all Pleaſures, and melted down your Time in daily Feaſts, and in continual Revels: Gentle, Complaiſant, Affable, and Liberal, at great Expence: The World ſpeaks well of you; Mankind embrace you; your Son loves you, and wiſhes your Life as much as he can do his own. But I'll perplex my ſelf no more: I look upon this Raſcal as an Excrement, a Wen, or Gangren'd Limb lopp'd off.

Sir *Edw.* Rather look on him as a Diſlocated one, and get him Set again: By this time you ſee, Severity will do nothing, entice him back to you by Love. In ſhort give him his Liberty, and a good Allowance: There now remains no other way to reclaim him; for like a Stone-horſe broke in among the Mares, no Fence hereafter will contain him.

Sir *Will.* Brother, I look upon you as a true Friend, that would not inſult upon my Folly and Preſumption, and confeſs you are nearer to the right than I: Your Son I hope will be a Comfort to me.

Sir *Edw.* I doubt it not; but conſider, if you do not reconcile your ſelf, and reclaim yours, as I tell you, you Lop off the paternal Eſtate, which is all Entail'd for ever from your Family

mily: For, in the Courſe he is, the Reverſion will be gone in your Life time?

Enter Belfond *Jun.* Truman, Iſabella, Tereſia, *and* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Here are my Father and my Unkle: Mask your ſelves, Ladies; you muſt not yet diſcover who you are.

Sir *Edw.* Yonder's *Ned*, and his Friend, with Ladies Mask'd: Who ſhou'd they be?

Sir *Will.* Whores, Whores, what ſhou'd they be elſe? Here's a Comfortable ſight again! He is incorrigible.

Sir *Edw.* 'Tis you that are incorrigible: How ready are you with your Cenſures!

Belf. Jun. Sir, pardon the Freedom I uſe with you; I humbly deſire Protection for theſe Ladies in your Houſe: They are Women of Honour, I do aſſure you, and deſire to be Conceal'd for ſome ſmall time; an Hour hence I will diſcover all to you, and you will then approve of what I do.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Ned*, I will truſt thy Honour; and without any Examination, do as you would have me.

Sir *Will.* Why, Brother, what a Pox, will you Pimp for your Son? What a Devil, will you make your Houſe a Bawdy Houſe?

Sir *Edw.* What, will the Muſt never be gotten out of your old Veſſel? Ladies, be pleas'd to Honour my Houſe; and be aſſur'd, that while you are there, 'tis yours.

(*He waits on the Ladies, and* Ruth.

Belf. Jun. Sir, my Friend and I are juſt now going to do you Service: I'll pawn my Life to you, Sir, I will retrieve your Rebel Son, and immediately reſtore him to you, and bring him, as he ought to come, on's Knees, with a full Submiſſion.

Sir *Will.* You will oblige me: Thou gain'ſt upon me hourly, and I begin to love thee more and more.

Belf. Jun. There's nothing in the World I aim at now but your Love; and I will be bold to ſay, I ſhortly will deſerve it: But this Buſineſs requires Haſte, for I have laid every Thing ready; 'tis almoſt Bed-time; come Friend.

Ex. with Truman.

Sir *Will.* Well, I'll ſay that for him, he is a good Natur'd Boy; it makes me weep, to think how harſh I have been to him. I'll in to my Brothers, and expect the Event. (*Exit.*

Enter Belfond *Sen.* Shamwell, *and* Hackum.

Cheat. I value not Misfortune, ſo as I have my dear Friend ſtill within my Arms.

Sham.

Sham. My dear, dear Couſin! I will hug thee cloſe to me; I fear'd to have loſt thee.

Belf. Sen. How happy am I in the trueſt, the deareſt Friend that ever Man enjoy'd! Well, I was ſo afflicted for you, I was forc'd to make my ſelf Deviliſh Bowſie to comfort me.

Cheat. Your Brother has heard of this great Match you are towards: She has to my Knowledge, (for I do all her Law-Buſineſs for her) 1500 *l.* a Year Jointure, and Ten Thouſand pound in Plate, Money, and Jewels; and this damn'd Envious Brother of yours will break it off, if you make not haſte and prevent him.

Belf. Sen. My dear Friends, you are in the right: Never Man met with ſuch before. I'll diſappoint the Rogue my Brother, and the old Prig my Father; adad, I'll do't inſtantly.

Cheat. Come, Squire, haſte: Captain, do you follow us.

Exeunt.

Scene Changes to Mrs. Termagant's *fine Lodgings.*

Enter Belfond *Senior*, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, *Parſon*: *Mrs.* Termagant *and her Servants.*

Cheat. Madam, the Time admits of no longer Deliberation: If you take not this Oppportunity, my Friend here will be ra-viſh'd from us.

Belf. Sen, Ay, Madam, if you take me not now, you will loſe me Madam, you will conſider what you do.

Term. Well, Mr. *Cheatly*, you diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe: I have ever been guided by your wiſe Advice.

Sham. Come, Parſon, do your Office; have you your Book about ye?

Parſ. What, do you think I am without the Tools of my Trade?

Cheat. Can't you come preſently to the joyning of Hands, and leave out the reſt of the Formalities.

Parſ. Ay, ay: Come, ſtand forth.

Belf. *Sen. and Mrs.* Termagant *ſtand forth.*

Enter Belf. *Jun.* Truman, *Conſtable, Serjeant, Musketeers.*

Belf. Jun. Here they are: Seize them all.

Cheat. Hell and Damnation! We are all undone.

Belf. Sen. Hands off; let me alone: I am going to be Mar-ry'd. You envious Raſcal to come juſt in the Nick.

Belf. Jun. Brother be ſatisfy'd, there's nothing but Honour meant to you; 'tis for your Service.

Ter-

Term. Oh this accurſed Wretch, to come in this unlucky Minute, and ruine all my Fortune.

Belf. Sen. She has fifteen hundred a Year Joynture, and ten thouſand pound in Money, *&c.* and I had been Marry'd to her in three Minutes.

Belf. Jun. You have ſcap'd the worſt of Ruins: Reſiſt not, for if you do, you ſhall be carry'd by Head and Heels. Your Father will receive you, and be kind, and give you as good an Allowance as ever I had.

Sham. Where's your Warrant?

Conſt. 'Tis here, from my Lord Chief Juſtice.

Belf. Jun. Let me ſee your Bride that was to be. Oh Mrs. *Termagant*! Oh Horror! Horror! What a Ruine have you ſcap'd! This was my Miſtreſs, and ſtill maintain'd by me: I have a Child by her three Years old.

Term. Impudent Villain! How dare you lye ſo baſely?

Belf. Jun. By Heav'n 'tis true.

Term. I never ſaw him in my Life before.

Belf. Jun. Yes, often, to my Plague. Brother, if I do not prove this, to you, believe me not in ought I e'er ſhall ſay.

(Termagant *goes to ſtab at* Belfond *Jun.* Truman *lays hold on her.*

Tru. Belfond, look to your ſelf.

Belf. Jun. Ha! Diſarm her. This is another Show of her good Nature. Brother, give me your Hand, I'll wait on you; and you will thank me for your Deliverance.

Tru. I am aſſur'd you will: You are deliver'd from the moſt infamous and deſtructive Villains, that ever yet took Sanctuary here.

Belf. Jun. And from two Miſchiefs you muſt have for ever ſunk under, Inceſt and Beggary. Thoſe three are only in the Warrant with my Brother; him I'll wait upon, bring you the reſt. Hey! The Cry is up; but we are provided.

(*A great Noiſe in the Streets, and the Horn blowing; an Arreſt; an Arreſt.*

Cheat. Undone, undone, all's loſt!

Sham. Ruin'd; for ever loſt!

Hack. I am ſurpriz'd, and cannot fight my Way through.

Belf. Sen. What, are all theſe Rogues? and that a Whore? and am I cheated!

Belf. Jun. Ev'n ſo; come along; make ready Musketeers. Do you take care of my Brother, and conduct him with the reſt to my Unkle's Houſe: I muſt go before, and carry my little Miſtreſs to make up the Buſineſs with her Father.

Tru. I'll do it, I warrant you.

Serjeant. We are ready.

(*Exeunt all but Mrs.* Termagant.

Term. Oh Vile Misfortune! had he but ſtaid ſix Minutes, I had Crown'd all my Revenge with one brave Act, in Marrying of his Brother, Well, I have one piece of Vengeance, which I will Execute, or periſh: Beſides I'll have his Blood, and then I'll dye contented.

Scene the Street.

Enter Belfond *Junior*, Cheatly, Shamwell, Hackum, Truman, *Conſtable*, *Serjeant*, *Guards*.

Tru. What do all theſe Rabble here?

Conſt. Fire amongſt 'em.

Serj. Preſent.

The Debtors run up and down, ſome without their Breeches, others without their Coats; ſome out of Balconies; ſome crying out, Oars, Oars, Sculler, five pound for a Boat, ten pound for a Boat, twenty pound for a Boat. The Inhabitants all come out arm'd as before; but as ſoon as they ſee the Muſqueteers they run, and every one ſhifts for himſelf.

Tru. Hey how they run!

Exeunt.

Enter in Sir Edward's *Houſe Sir* Edward Belfond, *and* Attorny.

Sir *Edw.* This is the Time I appointed my Son to bring your Daughter hither: The Witneſs is a moſt malicious lying Wench, and can never have Credit. Beſides, you know an Action will ſufficiently ſtop her Mouth; for, were it true, ſhe can never prove what ſhe ſays.

Attor. You ſay right, Sir; next to her being innocent, is the concealing of her Shame.

Enter Belfond. *Jun. and* Lucia.

Luc. And can I live to hear my fatal Sentence of parting with you? Hold Heart a little.

Belf. Jun. It is with ſome Convulſions I am torn from you; but I muſt Marry, I cannot help it.

Luc. And muſt I never ſee you more?

Belf. Jun. As a Lover, never; but your Friend I'll be while I have Breath.

Luc.

Luc. to her ſelf. Heart, do not ſwell ſo. This has awakened me, and made me ſee my Crime: Oh, that it had been ſooner!

Belf. Jun. Sir, I beg a thouſand pardons, that I ſhou'd attempt to injure your Family, for it has gone no farther yet: For any Fact, ſhe's innocent; but 'twas no Thanks to me, I am not ſo. (If a Lie be ever lawful, 'tis in this Caſe.) (*aſide.*

Sir *Edw.* Come, pretty Lady, let me preſent you to your Father: Tho' as my Son ſays, ſhe's innocent; yet, becauſe his Love had gone ſo far, I preſent her with 1500 *l.* my Son and you ſhall be Truſtees for her: To Morrow you ſhall have the Money.

Belf. Jun. You are the beſt of all Mankind.

Attor. All the World ſpeaks your Praiſes juſtly.

Luc. A thouſand Thanks, Sir, for your Bounty: And if my Father pleaſe to pardon me this Slip, in which I was ſo far from Fact, that I had ſcarce Intention: I will hereafter outlive the ſtricter Nun.

Attor. Riſe: I do pardon you.

Sir *Edw.* That's well: And if they be not kind to you, appeal to me. It will be fit for you to go from hence with the leaſt Notice that can be: To Morrow I'll bring the Money. Who are the Ladies you have entruſted me with, *Ned*?

(*Ex. Attor. and* Luc.

Belf. Jun. *Scrapeall's* Neice and Daughter! The Neice my Father was to give 5000 *l.* for, for his Son: If you will give me Leave, I ſhall Marry her for nothing; and the other will take my Friend——

Sir *Ed.* How *Ned*! She's a Puritan?

Belf. Jun. No more than you, Sir: She was bred otherwiſe, but was fain to comply for Peace; ſhe is Beautiful, and Witty to a Miracle; and I beg your Conſent, for I will die before I Marry without it.

Sir *Edw.* Dear *Ned*, thou haſt it; but what haſt thou done with the *Alſatians*?

Belf. Jun. I have the Rogues in Cuſtody, and my Brother too; whom I reſcu'd in the very Minute he was going to be Marry'd to a Whore, to my Whore who plagues me continually. I ſee my Father coming, pray prepare him, while I prepare my Brother for a Meeting with him; he ſhall not ſee me.

(*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir William Belfond.

Sir *Will.* Your Servant Brother: No News of *Ned* yet?

Sir *Edw.* Oh, yes; he has your Son, and the three Rogues in Cuſtody, and will bring 'em hither: Brother, pray reſolve not to loſe a Son; but uſe him kindly, and forgive him.

Sir *Will.* I will, Brother: And let him ſpend what he will, I'll come up to *London*, Feaſt and Revel, and never take a Minutes Care while I breathe again.

Enter a Servant to Sir Edward.

Servant. Sir, a young Gentleman would ſpeak with you.

Sir *Edw.* Bid him come in.

Enter Mrs. Termagant *in Man's Cloaths.*

Term. If you be Sir *Edward Belfond*, I come to tell you, what concerns your Honour, and my Love.

Sir *Edw.* I am he.

Term. Know then, Sir, I am inform'd your Brother, Sir *William Belfond*'s Son, is to Marry *Iſabella* the Niece of Mr. *Scrapeall.*

Sir *Edw.* What then Sir?

Term. Then he invades my Right, I have been many Months Contracted to her, and as you are a Man of Honour, I muſt tell you, we have ſeal'd that Contract with mutual Enjoyments.

Sir *Will.* How! What was my Son to Marry a Whore? I'll to this Damn'd Fellow inſtantly, and make him give up my Articles.

Sir *Edw.* Have Patience; be not too raſh.

Sir *Will.* Patience! What, to have my Son Marry a Whore.

Sir *Edw.* Look you Brother, you muſt ſtay a Moment.

Enter Belfond Jun.

Sir *Will.* Oh *Ned*, your Brother has ſcap'd a fine Match: This ſame *Iſabella* is Contracted to, and has been Enjoy'd by this Gentleman, as he calls it: He had like to have Marry'd a Whore.

Belf. Jun. Yes, that he had; but I will cut the Throat of him that affirms that of *Iſabella.*

Term. Sir, I demand the Protection of your Houſe.

Sir *Edw.* Hold, Son.

Term.

Term. What Devil ſent him hither at this time? (*aſide.*

Belf. Jun. I'll bring 'em to Confront this Rogue, what a Devil's this? Have we another Brother of that Devil *Termagant's* here?

(*Exit.*

Sir *Edw.* This is a very odd Story.

Sir *Will.* Let me go, Brother; 'tis true enough. But what makes *Ned* concern'd?

Sir *Edw.* Let us examine yet farther.

Enter Belfond *Jun. with* Iſabella, Tereſia, *and* Ruth, *and* Truman.

Sir *Will.* Look, here they are all: How the Devil comes this about?

Term. O Madam, are you here! I claim your Contract, which I ſuppoſe, will not offend you.

Iſa. What means this Impudent Fellow? I ne'er ſaw his Face before.

Term. Yes Madam, you have ſeen, and more than ſeen me often ſince we were Contracted.

Iſab. What Inſtrument of Villany is this?

Term. Nay, if you deny: Friends come in.

Enter two Alſatian *Affidavit Men.*

Friends, do you know this Gentlewoman.

1. *Witneſs.* Yes, ſhe is Mr. *Scrapeall's* Niece.

2. *Witneſs.* We were both Witneſſes to a Contract of Marriage between you two.

Iſa. Oh Impious Wretches! What Conſpiracy is this?

Sir *Will.* Can any thing be more plain? They ſeem Civil, Grave, Subſtantial Men.

Belf. Jun. Hold, hold, have I found ye? 'Tis ſhe; it could be no other Devil but her ſelf. (*He pulls off her Peruke.*

Sir *Will.* A Woman!

Sir *Edw.* Secure thoſe Witneſſes.

Belf. Jun. A Woman! No: She has out-ſinn'd her Sex, and is a Devil. Oh Devil, moſt compleat Devil! This is the Lady I have been ſo much of late oblig'd to.

Iſa. This is ſhe that told us the fine Story to Day.

Tere. I know her Face again: Moſt infamous lying Creature!

Term. I am become deſperate: Have at thee.

(*She ſnaps a Piſtol at* Belfond, *which only flaſhes in the Pan, the Ladies ſhriek.*

Belf.

Belf. Jun. Thank you Madam; are not you a Devil? 'Twas loaden, 'twas well meant truly. (*Takes the Piſtol from her.*

Sir *Edw.* Lay hold on her; I'll ſend her to a Place where ſhe ſhall be tam'd, I never yet heard of ſuch Malice.

Sir *Will.* Dear *Ned*, thou haſt ſo oblig'd me, thou melt'ſt my Heart; that thou ſhould'ſt ſteal away thoſe Ladies, and ſave me 5000 *l.* Now, I hope, Madam, my Son *Tim* ſhall be your Husband without Bargain and Sale.

Iſab. No; I can aſſure you, Sir, I wou'd never have perform'd that Bargain of my Unkles; we had determin'd to diſpoſe of our ſelves before that, and now are more reſolv'd.

Tere. We have broken Priſon, by the help of theſe Gentlemen, and I think we muſt e'en take the Authors of our Liberty.

Iſab. Will not that be a little hard Couſin, to take their Liberty from them, who have given it to us?

Sir *Will.* Well, I am diſappointed; but cannot blame thee, *Ned.* (Truman *goes to* Tereſia.

Enter Belfond *Sen.*

Sir *Edw.* Your Son; pray uſe him kindly.

Belf. Sen. I have been betray'd, cheated, and abus'd: Upon my Knees I beg your Pardon, and never will offend you more; adad, I will not. I thought they had been the honeſteſt, the fineſt Gentlemen in *England*, and it ſeems they are Rogues, Cheats, and Blockheads.

Sir *Will.* Riſe *Tim*, I profeſs thou makeſt me weep, thou haſt ſubdu'd me; I forgive thee, I ſee all human Care is vain, I will allow thee 500 *l.* a Year, and come, and live with Eaſe and Pleaſure here; I'll feaſt, and revel, and wear my ſelf with Pain and Care no more.

Belf. Sen. A thouſand Thanks; I'll ne'er diſpleaſe you while I live agen; adad I wont. Here's an Alteration; I ne'er had good Word from him before.

Sir *Will.* I would have marry'd you to that pretty Lady: But your Brother has been too hard for you.

Belf. Sen. She's very pretty; but 'tis no Matter. I am in no ſuch haſte, but I can ſtay and ſee the World firſt.

Sir *Edw.* Welcome dear Nephew, to my Houſe and me; and now my dear Son be free, and before all this Company let me know all the Incumbrances you have upon you.

Belf. Jun. That good natur'd Lady is the only one that's heavy upon me, I have her Child in my Poſſeſſion, which ſhe ſays, is mine.

Term. Has he my Child; then I am undone for ever——Oh curs'd Misfortune!

Sir

Sir *Edw.* Look you Madam, I will ſettle an Anuity of 100*l.* a Year upon you ſo long as you ſhall not diſturb my Son: And for your Child, I'll breed her up and provide for her like a Gentlewoman: But if you are not quiet you ſhall never ſee her more.

Term. You ſpeak like a noble Gentleman: I'll ſtrive to compoſe my ſelf. I am at laſt ſubdu'd, but will not ſtay to ſee the Triumphs———— (*Exit haſtily.*

Sir *Edw.* Well, dear *Ned*, doſt owe any Money?

Belf. Jun. No, my dear Father, no; you have been too bountiful for that; I have five hundred Guineas in my Cabinet.

Sir *Edw.* Now Madam, if you pleaſe to accept him for a Husband, I will ſettle fifteen hundred Pound a Year on him in preſent, which ſhall be your Jointure. Beſides that, your own Money ſhall be laid out in Land and ſettled on you too. And at my Death the reſt of my Eſtate.

Iſab. You do me too much Honour, you much out-bid my Value.

Belf. Jun. You beſt of Fathers, and of all Mankind, I throw my ſelf thus at your Feet; let me embrace your Knees, and kiſs thoſe Hands.

Sir *Edw.* Come riſe, and kiſs theſe Hands.

Belf. Jun. A long Farewel to all the Vanity and Lewdneſs of Youth: I offer my ſelf at your Feet as a Sacrifice without a Blemiſh now!

Iſab. Riſe, I beſeech you, riſe.

Tere. Your Offers, Sir, are better much than I could expect or can deſerve.

Tru. That's impoſſible: The Wealth of both the *Indies* could not buy you from me I am ſure.

Ruth. Come, come, I have been Governeſs, I know their Minds. Come give your Hands where you have given your Hearts. Here Friend *Truman*, firſt take this.

Tere. My Governeſs will have it ſo.

Sir *Edw.* Joy Sir, be ever with you: Pleaſe to make my Houſe your own.

Iſab. How can I be ſecure you will not fall to your old Courſes agen?

Belf. Jun. I have been ſo ſincere in my Confeſſions, you may truſt me; but I call Heaven to Witneſs, I will hereafter be entirely yours. I look on Marriage as the moſt ſolemn Vow a Man can make; and 'tis by Conſequence, the baſeſt Perjury to break it.

Ruth. Come, come, I know your Mind too; take him, take him.

Iſab. If Fate will have it ſo.

Belf. Jun. Let me receive this Bleſſing on my Knees.

Iſab.

Iſab. You are very devout of late.

Sir *Edw.* A thouſand Bleſſings on you both.

Sir *Will.* Perpetual Happineſs attend you both.

Belf. Sen. Brother and Madam! I wiſh you Joy from my Heart, adad I do: Tho' between you and I Brother, I intend to have my Swing at Whoring, and drinking, as you had, before I come to it.

Sir *Edw.* Here! Bring in theſe Rogues!

The Conſtable brings in Cheatly, Shamwell *and* Hackum.

Come Raſcals, I ſhall take a Care to ſee Examples made of you.

Cheat. We have ſubſtantial Bail.

Sir *Edw.* I'll ſee it ſhall be ſubſtantial Bail; it is my Lord Chief Juſtices Warrant, returnable to none but him: But I will proſecute you I aſſure you.

Cheat. Squire, dear Squire.

Hack. Good noble Squire ſpeak for us.

Sham. Dear Couſin!

Belf. Sen. Oh Rogues! Couſin, you have couſin'd me; you made a *Putt*, a *Caravan*, a *Bubble* of me: I gave a Judgment for 1600 *l.* and had but 250. But there's ſome Goods they talk of; but if e'er I be catch'd again I'll be hang'd.

Sir *Will.* Unconſcionable Villains! The Chancery ſhall relieve us.

Sir *Edw.* I'll Rout this Knot of moſt pernicious Knaves, for all the Priviledge of your Place. Was ever ſuch Impudence ſuffer'd in a Government? *Ireland*'s conquer'd, *Wales* ſubdu'd, *Scotland* united: But there are ſome few Spots of Ground in *London*, juſt in the Face of the Government, unconquer'd yet, that hold in Rebellion ſtill. Methinks' tis ſtrange, that Places ſo near the King's Palace ſhould be no Parts of his Dominions: 'Tis a ſhame to the Societies of Law to Countenance ſuch Practices: Should any Place be ſhut againſt the King's Writ or *Poſſe Comitatus*? Take them away and thoſe two Witneſſes.

The Conſtable and Watch hales them away.

Belf. Sen. Away with 'em, Rogues! Raſcals, damn'd Priggs.

Sir *Edw.* Come Ladies, I have ſent for ſome Neighbours to rejoyce with us. We have Fiddles: Let's dance a brisk round or two, and then we'll make a Collation.

In the Flouriſh before the Dance enter Scrapeall.

Scrape. Oh Sir *William*, I am undone ruin'd: The Birds are flown. Read the Note they left behind 'em.

Sir *Will.* Peace, they are dancing, they have diſpos'd of themſelves.

Scrape. Oh Seed of Serpents! Am I cheated then? I'll try a Trick of Law, you Froggs of the bottomleſs Pit, I will and inſtantly— What dancing too? Then they are fallen indeed.

They dance. (*Exit* Scrape all *haſtily.*

Sir *Edw.* Come Brother, now who has been in the Right, you or I?

Sir *Will.* You have: Prithee do not triumph.

Belf. Jun. Farewel for ever all the Vices of the Age:

There is no Peace but in a virtuous Life,
Nor laſting Joy but in a tender Wife.

Sir *Edw.* You that would breed your Children well, by Kindneſs and Liberality endear 'em to you: And teach 'em by Example.

Severity ſpoils ten, for one it mends:
If you'd not have your Sons deſire your Ends,
By Gentleneſs and Bounty make thoſe Sons your Friends.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE. *Spoken by Mrs.* Mountfort.

YE mighty Scowrers of theſe narrow Seas.
Who ſuffer not a Bark to ſail in Peace,
But with your Tire of Culverins ye roar,
Bring 'em by th' Lee, and rummidge all their Store;
Our Poet duck'd, and look'd as if half dead,
At every Shot that whiſtled o'er his Head.
Frequent Engagements ne'er could make him bold,
He ſneak'd into a Corner of the Hold.
Since he ſubmits, pray eaſe him of his Fear,
And with a joynt Applauſe bid him appear,
Good Criticks don't inſult and domineer.
He fears not Sparks, who with briſk Dreſs and Meen,
Come not to hear or ſee but to be ſeen.
Each prunes himſelf, and with a languiſhing Eye,
Deſigns to kill a Lady by the by.
Let each fantaſtick ugly Beau and Shape,
Little of Man, and very much of Ape,
Admire himſelf, and let the Poet ſcape.
Ladies, Your Anger moſt he apprehends,
And is grown paſt the Age of making Friends
Of any of the Sex whom he offends.
No Princeſs frowns, no Hero rants and whines,
Nor is weak Senſe embroyder'd with ſtrong Lines:
No Battles, Trumpets, Drums, not any dye;
No mortal Wounds, to pleaſe your Cruelty;
Who like not any Thing but Tragedy.
With fond unnatural Extravagancies,
Stolen from the ſilly Authors of Romances.
Let ſuch the Chamber-maids Diverſion be,
Pray be you reconcil'd to Comedy.
For when we make you merry, you muſt own
You are much prettier than when you frown.
With charming Smiles you uſe to conquer ſtill,
The melancholly Look's not apt to kill.
Our Poet begs you who adorn this Sphere,
This ſhining Circle, will not be ſevere,
Here no Chit Chat, here no Tea Tables are.
The Cant he hopes will not be long unknown,
'Tis almoſt grown the Language of the Town.
For Fops, who feel a wretched Want of Wit,
Still ſet up ſomething that may paſs for it.
He begs that you will often grace his Play,
And lets you know Monday's *his viſiting Day.*

FINIS.

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Way of the World.
Double Dealer.
Amorous Widow.
Sawney the Scot.
She wou'd and ſhe wou'd not.
Cato.
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